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# TIME

## THE SMILE OF FREEDOM

- Terry Anderson's terrible ordeal
- The inside story of the hostage release



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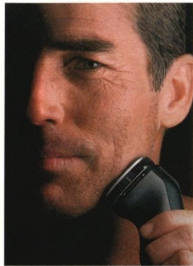


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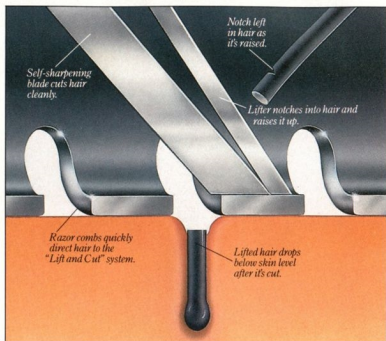
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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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## FROM THE MANAGING EDITOR

We all know the clichés about journalists, and occasionally we may even perpetuate them in this column. Journalists are tough, always tough. They are unsentimental, cynical, intent on little except getting the next story. They are dedicated to the truth, but perhaps a little short on human qualities.

Last week, as I heard the reports of Terry Anderson's release, I recalled that David Aikman, a senior correspondent in our Washington bureau, was the founder of the Journalists' Committee to Free Terry Anderson. At a time when there was little reason to hope for Terry's release, David was busy drafting petitions, meeting with Middle Eastern diplomats and enlisting the support of others in his profession. As time went on, then TIME photographer Bill Foley took on a schedule of energetic diplomatic lobbying in New York City, and eventually several other journalists helped out.

The committee worked with United Nations Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, with Anderson's sister Peggy Say and with the State Department and other groups in the U.S. and Britain. It was not always easy to know what was best. "Our dilemma was that if we made a big fuss about Terry, the argument could be

made that it would prolong his ordeal by increasing his value in the eyes of his captors," David recalls. "On the other hand, if we didn't make a fuss, that would contribute to poor morale on the part of Terry and the other hostages."



Senior correspondent David Aikman

**"If we didn't make a fuss, that would contribute to poor morale on the part of Terry and the other hostages."**

know if we made a difference. All I know is that it was vital that Terry's colleagues not be silent about his plight and the plight of the other hostages."

I was surprised initially to learn that David had never met Anderson. What, then, motivated him to become so involved? "I was worried," David says, "that if I ever met Terry when he came back, and he looked me in the eye and said, 'What did you do to secure my freedom?' I'd be very embarrassed if I had to say, 'Nothing.' Journalists tend to be awkward about participating in causes, probably for good reason, because by and large they try to be professionally detached and they think the objectivity of their reporting would be seriously at risk if they joined any kind of campaign. There have to be exceptions, and this was one of them."

A veteran foreign correspondent who has spent many years in the Middle East, China, Europe and the Soviet Union, David has no illusions about the effectiveness of the group's efforts. "I don't

*Hy Miller*

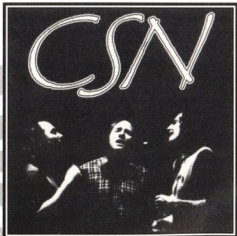
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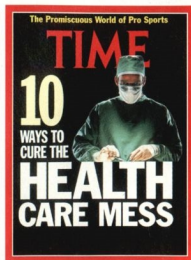
## LETTERS

### HEALTH-CARE MESS

**"As long as we demand Rolls-Royce health care on a Chevy budget, the crisis will continue."**

*Marvin L. Auerback, M.D.  
Foster City, Calif.*

I am a practicing family physician in central New Hampshire who shares your opinion that our health-care system needs major reform [NATION, Nov. 25]. After nearly five years of active private practice, I am leaving it for economic reasons. I am unable to pay my educational, business and mortgage debts. My workweek averages 70 hours, and even with the steady growth of my practice, my income is shrinking. It is ironic that by leaving what I am trained for (delivering comprehensive family care in a cost-conscious manner) I will probably de-



crease my work hours 40% and increase my paycheck at least that much. Our system has got to change.

*Scott L. Horton, M.D.  
Meredith, N.H.*

"Sickness" care is what you are discussing. Mandatory health care is what we need. The vast majority of major illness in this country is directly related to our sed-

entary life-style and resulting obesity. Businesses need to emphasize in-house wellness plans, including required exercise programs, and then barter for lower-cost sickness-coverage rates. Look around you—maybe even in the mirror. Americans don't age, they rot!

*Candace Mattson  
Olympia, Wash.*

The more successful we are in preventing and curing diseases, the more we need to spend for hospitals, outpatient facilities and nursing homes. Our lives are miraculously extended, and we live decades longer than we did before. Are we the victims of our own success?

*Joseph K. Chemplavil, M.D.  
Hampton, Va.*

I head the federal agency that administers the Medicare and Medicaid programs, and was interested to read TIME's proposal to eliminate Medicaid as one cure for America's health-care ills. That suggestion overlooks many of the program's accomplishments. Medicaid was created to supplement existing state programs and to provide mainstream medical care to certain groups of low-income pregnant women, children, elderly and the disabled. It has achieved this goal. Today the program serves 25 million people and has been a

# Stand Up, Stand Out.



## LETTERS

leader in cost-control strategies. As we explore the challenges of health reform, we should not dismiss Medicaid out of hand, but learn from it and build on its strengths.

*Gail R. Wilensky, Administrator  
Health Care Financing Administration  
Department of Health and Human Services  
Washington*

Nearly all the problems you described in America's health-care system have arisen as a result of the government's ever expanding role. Your solutions would enlarge the government's involvement, making the system even more coercive, statist and impersonal. You should be urging that we deregulate and privatize our system so the cost-benefit analysis of different treatment alternatives can be made where it belongs—within the individual physician-patient relationship.

*Marvin S. Rosen  
West Palm Beach, Fla.*

My own legislation, the Universal Health Care for All Americans Act, would guarantee affordable, comprehensive health coverage to all. You ignored one of the most pressing concerns of the health-care debate: access to long-term care. When a catastrophic illness strikes, all Americans are vulnerable, especially senior citizens on fixed incomes. The average

annual cost of staying in a decent nursing home is \$30,000. After only 13 weeks in a nursing home, 7 in 10 elderly people who had been living alone will find their income reduced to the poverty level. Let us be aware that in addition to coverage for acute care, Americans need access to affordable long-term care.

*Mary Rose Oakar, U.S. Representative  
20th District, Ohio  
Washington*

### Duke Goes Down to Defeat

The good news from the runoff election for Governor of Louisiana is that David Duke, former Nazi and Ku Klux Klan Grand Wizard, was soundly defeated by Edwin Edwards, who won 61% of the vote [NATION, Nov. 25]. The bad news is that 39% of the ballots were cast for a bigot, hater and rabble rouser. This is frightening considering that we live in the last years of the millennium, one in which such evil has been fought against and paid for with many lives and sacrifices.

*Hans L. Heimann  
Cranston, R.I.*

The same state that brought you gumbo, Zydeco and Mardi Gras now presents Herr David Duke. Somehow this Hitler clone will manage to leverage his 39%

showing in the Louisiana election as an entry to the national political scene. We, the voters of Louisiana, ultimately had to decide between the politics of greed and the politics of hate. We opted for greed (Edwards) as far less evil than Duke's racial and ethnic hatred. Soon voters across the nation will face similar decisions. Duke and his imitators will stalk the land, not in sheets or khaki shirts but in suits and ties. Blow-dried and smooth-talking, they will cloak themselves in a warped version of Christianity and a terribly skewed version of patriotism.

*Jean Lee  
Shreveport, La.*

Louisianians voted for the rapsallion. They decided it was better to choose the Lizard than the Wizard.

*Svend Valdemar Raun  
Miami*

If this country based its votes solely on what a candidate says, many people would be chanting "Duke for President!" But because Duke's hate-filled history is not hidden behind his speeches, most can only spit at him. Please don't equate anti-affirmative action with racism; many Americans, black and white, want true equality.

*Lisa M. Bailey  
Boston, Mass.*

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## LETTERS

The contest between Duke and Edwards clearly demonstrates the need for "None of the Above" on all ballots. The majority of voters would prefer to have a new slate of candidates rather than have to choose between the lesser of two evils.

William D. DeMayo  
Corona Del Mar, Calif.

### California Paper War

I agree completely with Martha Smilgis' description of the San Francisco *Chronicle* ("comical") as a "clubhouse newspaper" [SPECIAL ISSUE, Nov. 18]. I also agree with her characterization of the San Francisco *Examiner* as a paper that writes stories about the "scandalous activities of local politicians." What I don't understand is her judgment that this means the *Examiner* is "hardly better" than the *Chronicle*. What does she think newspapers are supposed to do if not report on scandalous activities of local politicians? It would be a violation of our public trust if we didn't. Sure, the L.A. *Times* is a great newspaper. But Los Angeles is not a real city. That's why the *Times* can afford to tell its readers a lot more about deforestation in Poland than about what's going on in their own mega-metropolis.

Phil Bronstein, Executive Editor  
San Francisco Examiner  
San Francisco

Smilgis' cheap shot at the San Francisco *Chronicle* should not go unchallenged. Besides Herb Caen, our staff includes a recent Pulitzer Prize winner and a reporter whose Persian Gulf war reports drew national attention. Our stories are carried on the New York *Times* news wire and our scoops sometimes make the national papers. Like a good bottle of California wine, the *Chronicle* is getting better with age.

Jeff Pelline, Business Writer  
San Francisco Chronicle  
San Francisco

### Sports Stars' Wannabes

I cannot believe the archaic and misogynistic attitudes toward females in your story about the groupies who hang around professional athletes [SOCIETY, Nov. 25]. My heart goes out to these poor men, always in danger of being used by groupies. These men are adults. They don't sleep with thousands of different women without deciding to do so. This kind of woman blaming is as old as the Greek myths of sirens who lured men to their death.

Rhea Becker  
Boston, Mass.

It appears that your beloved jocks are as much vermin carriers as your so-called wannabes. The woman who supposedly infected Magic Johnson probably got AIDS from guess who—a male. Let's look at

AIDS as an international health problem rather than an occupational hazard for sports studs.

Linda M. Stecklein  
Potomac, Md.

Promiscuity does not kill. Unsafe sex does. Have unprotected sex once, and you may die. It has nothing to do with moral issues; it is a medical fact.

Mathieu Duplay  
Paris

### Marxism in China

One of the major needs and aims of China [WORLD, Nov. 25] since its opening to the West has been to learn as quickly and as much as possible from the West. Marxism has become the vehicle for this purpose. This was not an accident of history. Today, however, the Chinese adherence to Marxism is more apparent than substantial. Note, for instance, the Chinese response to increased Western pressure: a rise in rhetorical Marxism, while their economy continues to turn capitalistic to a greater extent. Pragmatic by nature, the Chinese use Marxism as an interim language of discourse with the West—until they can find a better language that integrates the positive points from Chinese and Western experiences. I believe George Bush's approach is more effective than the simplistic condemnation of academics and politicians, whose rhetoric can be self-serving and ethnocentric.

Suk C. Chang  
Waterbury, Conn.

### Yugoslavia in Doubt

The situation in Yugoslavia is simple [WORLD, Nov. 25]. Serbia, the largest and most powerful of the six republics there, is the sole remaining communist government in Europe. Serbia has taken complete control of the Yugoslav army, navy and air force in direct violation of the country's constitution. It has been using this unauthorized power to hammer away first at Slovenia and now at Croatia. Why, I ask, do George Bush and this Administration just sit and watch? Where is the commitment to support the principles and practice of democracy? It's not difficult to be cynical about a new world order where oil appears to have a higher value than human life. The suffering men, women and children of Croatia are just as deserving as the people of Kuwait.

Richard H. Greene  
Encino, Calif.

### Imelda Goes Home

I cannot stand the media's obvious partiality to sensationalism in choosing to focus on the theatrics of Imelda Marcos' return to the Philippines [WORLD, Nov. 18]

## LETTERS

rather than the tragic typhoon in Ormoc, Leyte, that coincided with her return. However, if it is Imelda that people want to read about, then I appeal to the media to depict her as the monster she is, not some glamorous superstar. This woman was instrumental in the downfall and the suffering of an entire nation. The only spectacle that millions of long-suffering Filipinos should want to see is the face of this criminal as she is put in jail.

Grace Tolentino Cruz  
Manila

The Philippines is some nation. Imelda Marcos fled as a traitor and corrupt woman and comes back a heroine welcomed cordially by many people, including none other than Vice President Salvador Laurel of the present, legal government. What ignominious irony! Congratulations to the Philippines, a paradise for thugs!

Dudih A. Zuhud  
Bandung, Indonesia

## Going by the Rules

Some of the recent language in the magazine brought a few readers to a halt. We said of Virginia Governor Doug Wilder, "Life experience tells him everything is possible for he who gambles" [NATION, Nov. 11]. Several people pointed out that the preposition for requires the object him. The second usage that drew criticism was a reference to the Superbug whitefly that is munching California's crops; we said of the insect's eating habits that "one of the only vegetables it doesn't seem to like is asparagus" [ENVIRONMENT, Nov. 25]. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Lewine of Sudbury, Mass., set us straight on that: "Only means one. The correct phrase is 'one of the few.'" But in a third case, we were unfairly reproved for our spelling of the document Magna Charta [LIVING, Nov. 11]. Although many publications use the more familiar Magna Carta, most dictionaries prefer the word we used, *charta*, from the Latin word for paper.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to:

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## CRITICS' VOICES

BY TIME'S REVIEWERS/Compiled by Daniel S. Levy

### THEATER



**HERE'S LOVE.** Can a street-corner Santa be the real thing in disguise? This musical adaptation of *Miracles on 34th Street*, at last getting the revival it deserves at the Goodspeed Opera House in East Haddam, Conn., answers that question in the happy affirmative.

### THE CHRISTMAS REVELS.

This wonderful mix of classical and traditional music, medieval theater and whatnot else is now staged in seven cities—Cambridge, Mass.; Hanover, N.H.; New York City; Oakland; Philadelphia; Washington; and Houston. This is not a tour; these are separate productions, each under local control, each a little different. Performance dates differ but range from Dec. 5 to 29.

### MUSIC



**A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR YOU FROM PHIL SPECTOR** (ABKCO Records). A card-carrying classic; not only the definitive Christmas house

shaker but also a paradigm of Wagnerian rock at its most ingenious. From the Ronettes melting the heart of *Frosty the Snowman* to Darlene Love's soul-scorching *Christmas (Baby Please Come Home)*, this is Phil Spector's grandest production.

### NAT KING COLE: COLE, CHRISTMAS & KIDS

(Capitol). Most of us have heard the great man cook up his "chestnuts roasting on an open fire," but this collection pulls together a graceful, occasionally goofy group of 13 Cole Yuletide greetings. He wrings some swing out of *All I Want for Christmas*, goes mitten-to-mitten with a chorus of brats on *Frosty the Snowman* and does a silken Brahms' *Lullaby*. And, yes, *The Christmas Song* is here too—talk about pulling chestnuts out of the fire.

### MARCUS ROBERTS: PRAYER FOR PEACE

(RCA/Novus). This terrific young jazz pianist doesn't do things the easy way. He performs 14 seasonal songs, ranging from the shimmering *Silver Bells* to a Tatum-tinged *Auld Lang Syne*, with due reverence for both tradition and experimentation. Music appropriate for either a Christmas Eve service or a secular late-night eggnog.

### HELEN MERRILL: CHRISTMAS SONG BOOK

(JVC). The vocal event of the season and just possibly the best new jazz vocal album of the year. Merrill, a singer in the great tradition of Fred Christy and Chris Connor, comes to the Christmas party using the eloquent arrangements of Torrie Zito to bring some fresh feeling to standards (such as *White Christmas*) and offers up a few surprises (tunes by Claude Thornhill and Thad Jones).

### MESSIAH, 3 Vols.

(harmonia mundi). Handel's *Messiahs*—that's right, Handel composed more than one version of his beloved oratorio—have become a holiday ritual since the premiere 250 years ago. A pragmatist as well as a great composer, Handel penned several alternative sections to accommodate the strengths and limitations of different musical ensembles. This recording assembles, as addenda, all the alternative arias, recitatives and choruses (hence the three volumes). Nicholas McGegan, a major authentic-period-instrument and practiced Handel conductor, leads marvelous singers and players in a splendid performance. Hallelujah!

### BOOKS



### THE FRUGAL GOURMET CELEBRATES CHRISTMAS

by Jeff Smith (Morrow; \$25). "I love the theology more than food," writes the renowned cookbook author and TV host, and this handsome, unconventional volume proves his point. There are plenty of recipes here, to be sure, many of them imaginatively linked to the traditional figures assembled in Nativity scenes: a flower salad for the Virgin Mary (don't include poinsettias, whose leaves are poisonous), unleavened brown bread for Joseph, milk and honey for the baby Jesus. But most of the nourishment is intended for the spirit, for those who remember Christmas as the most magical time of their childhoods. Even Dickens might wince at some of

the sentiment, but the author's relentless cheer and moral uplift prove hard to resist.

### TELEVISION



What do the networks want for Christmas? A new TV movie that will become an instant holiday classic. Among this year's crop of *It's a Wonderful Life* wannabes are **CHRISTMAS ON DIVISION STREET** (CBS, Dec. 15), starring Fred Savage as a teenager and Hume Cronyn as the homeless man he befriends, and **IN THE NICK OF TIME** (NBC, Dec. 16), in which Santa Claus (Lloyd Bridges) must scramble to find his replacement by Christmas Eve. Several new animated specials, meanwhile, are joining the seasonal evergreens. **WINNIE THE POOH AND CHRISTMAS TOO** (ABC, Dec. 14) features the familiar A.A. Milne characters, and **A WISH FOR WINGS THAT WORK** (CBS, Dec. 18) marks the TV debut of Opus and Bill from Berke Breathed's *Bloom County* comic strip. Most unusual holiday offering: **LA PASTORELA** (PBS, Dec. 23), a musical retelling of the shepherds' trip to Bethlehem, written and directed by Luis Valdez (*La Bamba*) and starring Linda Ronstadt, Paul Rodriguez and Cheech Marin. Most predictable: the headline guest on Bob Hope's annual Christmas special (NBC, Dec. 18) is Macaulay Culkin.

### ETC.



**VIENNA CHOIR BOYS.** This indefatigable troupe, now nearly 500 years old, is again touring the U.S. with a holiday program. As always, the range is wide—from *Adeste, Fideles* to a little-known one-act Mozart opera—and the musicianship remains high over the decades and generations. In Baltimore; Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Allentown, Pa.; and New York City, all before Dec. 25.

### A CHRISTMAS CAROL

You might think that movie versions, from the Alastair Sim classic to the George C. Scott made-for-TV stunner, would be enough to satisfy Americans' seasonal appetite for Dickens' tale of remorse and redemption. But just as *The Nutcracker* has become a box-office bonanza for countless ballet companies, Ebenezer Scrooge's journey from crochets to Cratchits is now a yearly mainstay for about 40 of the nation's regional theaters and a few commercial venues. The shortest is probably the eight-minute skit, complete with onstage flying ghosts and horse-drawn carriage, presented each year as part of the Radio City Music Hall holiday revue in New York City. The most minimalist may be the solo version to be performed on Broadway by Patrick Stewart, Dec. 17-29. And surely the most provocative is Seattle Repertory Theater's *Inspecting Carol*, a satire about would-be censors of the arts, which depicts a troupe staging the Dickens story, yet also recalls Gogol's mordant *The Government Inspector*.

# BACARDI

A red sleigh is shown in flight against a dark blue night sky. Inside the sleigh are several Bacardi rum gifts, including a bottle of Bacardi Light Rum and boxes of Bacardi rum, all wrapped in red and white. The sleigh is carrying the gifts towards the bottom right of the frame. In the bottom left corner, the fronds of a palm tree are visible, and a faint rainbow is seen in the sky.

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Michael A. Krasinski

## NATIVE AMERICANS PROTECT WILD RICE

On Minnesota's White Earth Reservation, Native American Chippewa are preserving the tradition of hand-harvesting wild rice — employing a method that protects the water, preserves surrounding plant life and uses no pesticides or chemical fertilizers.

The Chippewa people navigate the rice beds in canoes, using 28-inch-long ricing sticks to tap the ripened stalks. Some rice falls into the boat while other grains tumble into the lake to reseed next year's crop.

"Wild rice is indigenous to North America and we want to protect it," says Winona LaDuke, who founded the Ikwe Wild Rice Program with another Chippewa woman, Margaret Smith.

"I have harvested rice for 35 years, and it's hard work," says Smith. Now she

works hard to bring Ikwe rice to the marketplace.

Since 1985, Ikwe has sold wild rice nationwide. "The response is terrific," says program coordinator Dennis Harper. "People say this natural rice is what they're looking for."

The Organic Growers and Buyers Association of Minnesota regularly tests White Earth waters for purity. They approve the wild rice through every phase of processing before it goes to market.

For the Ikwe Wild Rice Program, the future is truly rooted in the past. "Instead of trying to tame the wild, we're showing people how to respect it," says LaDuke. "This helps both the Chippewa and the environment."

**All Environmental Activists featured in this series are recognized with a \$2,500 donation to their cause.**

## FIND THE ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVIST

Everyone in this photo is an environmental activist. They all became involved in the environment the day they started their Amway businesses.

Since introducing its first product in 1959—L.O.C.® Liquid Organic Cleaner, a product containing only biodegradable detergents—Amway has had a concern for the environment.

As Amway distributors, the people in this photo also share with Amway the honor of receiving the United Nations Environment Programme Achievement



Award for commitment to the cause of environmental awareness.

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Clockwise from left, Eugene Johnson, Texas; Linda Hardy, New Jersey; Ruth Lohela, California; David Margolis, Nevada; Sally Swenson, South Dakota.

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Now you can take Spectra pictures so sharp, so clear, so bright, you'll be amazed they're instant. And since we improved the Spectra film, we thought we'd better improve the Spectra camera, too. So we backed it with a full lifetime warranty that guarantees high quality service—something no other leading camera manufacturer is doing.\*

The Spectra camera and new Spectra High Definition film. Clearly, there's never been a better instant picture system.

\*As reported by industry sources, call 1-800-343-5000 for details.

## Polaroid.





## GRAPEVINE

By JANICE CASTRO/Reported by Sidney Urquhart

### HERE COMES OPERATION DESERT STORK

Talk about faith in the future. Remember the baby boom? That started when America's fighting men returned from World War II. Now, eight months after the first soldiers, sailors and airmen returned victorious from Operation Desert Storm, military bases from San Diego to North Carolina are bracing for their own baby boomlet. Since the troops got home, positive pregnancy tests have tripled at Fort Hood, Texas, and Fort Bragg, North Carolina. The expectant mothers include Desert Storm vets—five of the six women in one unit. In San Diego 318 Marine wives have been sent to community hospitals for prenatal care because the docs at Camp Pendleton are swamped. Doctors at Fort Stewart, Georgia, expect to deliver 40 babies on Christmas—three times the busiest day in memory. No more silent nights for those folks.

### A NETWORK THAT GUARANTEES SCOOPS

What's the value of secrets if nobody asks you for them? Fresh, reliable information is the measure of an intelligence czar. But new CIA director **ROBERT GATES** has noted that whenever something big happens, everybody from the President on down turns to CNN for up-to-the-minute reports. Gates is considering going CNN one better by creating his own private news program. Available on an encrypted computer system, the central intelligence network would distribute instant analysis and scoops to about 200 top Administration officials. Film at 11.

### EASTERN EUROPE'S NEW BAD GUYS

Just about every kind of entrepreneur has talked up the emerging opportunities in the new Eastern Europe, but now Colombia's powerful **CALI DRUG CARTEL** is exploring the possibilities. In October, Czechoslovak authorities seized 100 kg of cocaine hidden in a truckload of Colombian coffee. After the coffee was traced to a Polish ship that had stopped in Colombia, Polish police uncovered another 100 kg in the rest of the shipment, which was sitting in a Warsaw warehouse. U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration officials speculate that the cartel hopes to take advantage of the legal chaos in the region to transship narcotics to West European customers. Last week FBI director William Sessions visited Warsaw to offer Polish officials help in modernizing their police system.

### THEY'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE IT, PROBABLY

Argentines are hopping mad. Turns out their government has been negotiating the use of the Patagonian desert in southeastern Argentina as a dumping ground for the world's human and industrial wastes. First France signed up; then came news that a New Jersey company, ironically named the Environmental Development Corp., was hoping to send 200,000 tons of treated sewage a year. Argentines figure they have enough of their own.



Fort Bragg last March: happy to be home

### VOX POP

How will 1992's economic conditions compare with those in 1991?

Worse **50%** Better **14%**

From a survey of 5,000 taken by the Conference Board during November. Sampling error is plus or minus 3%.



Would-be anchorman Robert Gates



A gaucho, home on the range in Patagonia

### FORWARD SPIN

**DIAMOND RINGER** The Mets had \$29 million; the Pirates didn't. So Bobby Bonilla will play for the Mets at \$37,275 a hit, more than most of the fans make in a year. Watch for higher popcorn prices at Shea.

**PERFORMANCE ART** For the late-night show *Studs*, the women date the men, then appear on the air to critique their amorous talents. Contestants on *Night Games* demonstrate their seduction techniques live. Next, for the fitness crowd: *Bedroom Gladiators*.

**IT'S DEJA VU ALL OVER AGAIN** Neil Young, the reigning king of feedback, is recording an acoustic album. So many rockers are forsaking electric guitars that MTV features their videos on a show called *Unplugged*. Expect a boom in kazooes.

**HAVE SOME CAKE** To help a New York City charity collecting second-hand coats for the poor, Mayor David Dinkins donated an elegant cashmere number (estimated replacement value: \$1,400). Maybe Dan Quayle could give his golf clubs to the homeless. David Duke could throw in some white satin sheets.

**SUDS** Common sense and calorie consciousness have put a dent in beer sales. Miller Time gave way to near beer, lite beer, then dry beer. Next: tap water with a side order of organically grown hops.

**WORD WATCH** "Apropos of nothing"—why does everyone keep starting sentences this way? People use this slapdash transition to jump from one thought to the next, their conversation tracking like a string of commercials. Warning: non sequiturs ahead.



TIME

DECEMBER 16, 1991

# Delivered From Evil

By NANCY GIBBS

**I**t was a cold day in hell when Terry Anderson won his freedom at last. The snow fell hard in Mount Lebanon as he spent the last 24 hours pacing in his cell, playing solitaire by candlelight and listening to the BBC broadcast stories of his progress on the road to Damascus. Those last hours passed with infernal slowness; his captors continued to argue over whether to let him go at all. But when at last the path to freedom cleared, he appeared to a world captured in a camera lens, and all was finally well.

What is the best unit of measure for courage? Is it registered in the 2,455 days lost, the countless millions of ribbons tied, the prayers asked, the letters sent, the rumors of death, the hopes dashed and then raised again? Where did he find the generosity of spirit to smile when he walked out of captivity into a roomful of colleagues and told them, "You can't imagine how glad I am to

see you. I've thought about this moment for a long time, and now it's here, and I'm scared to death. I don't know what to say."

In a way, what was most impressive was what he *didn't* say. Here was a man who had been wrapped like a corpse from head to foot in adhesive tape and moved from one hiding place to another in a coffin. With the others, he endured beatings and blindfolds and boredom, months spent chained to furniture, months without bathing, without real food or his professional staple, news of the world outside his grave. And yet there was no hatred, little bitterness, only that great wide smile and a promise of forgiveness that prompted the millions who watched to wonder, How would I have fared? Would I have had that strength?

The prayers, he said, made all the difference during the dark times. Yet he and his fellow prisoners had no way of knowing the place they held in America's heart. They did not hear the anchors keeping count of the days on the evening news, the countless ap-



PHOTOGRAPH FOR TIME BY DOMINIQUE AUGERT—BYRONA

peals and press conferences in which the hostage families and dear friends pounded on the nation's attention to force Americans to keep them in mind when many would have just as soon forgotten. The captives did not know that people they had never met wore a tiny yellow ribbon on their lapel every day for seven years, with the words **FREE THE HOSTAGES**.

Anderson credited his friends and his stubbornness and his faith, as practiced in their private sanctuary, the Church of the Locked Door. Thomas Sutherland taught him French; he taught the others the sign alphabet for the deaf so they could communicate when they were not allowed to speak. It was Anderson who made the tinfoil chess pieces, the Scrabble games, the Monopoly set. In a sense, as the longest held and best known, Anderson had become a symbol for all the captives, for the 17 Americans who were taken—the three who died, the 13 others who have retrieved their freedom one by one, including Joseph

Cicippio and Alann Steen, who finally saw daylight last week.

As the last Americans came out, they were freed from their symbolism—no longer did they stand for national helplessness and failed presidencies, for ill-fated schemes and a foreign policy with its principles held hostage. Instead they were real, grateful, living people with daughters they had never seen, scars that will never heal, long nights full of lessons they will never forget.

If, as the scholars observed last week, the '70s was the decade of terrorism and the '80s the decade of hostages, there is sure to be a new nightmare waiting. This chapter, now nearly closed, is not the end in a part of the world where all too often old hatreds die hard, people are pawns, and lives are meant for sacrificing. Two Germans remain imprisoned, and all accounts remain unsettled. But after all this, perhaps it is not too much to hope that last week brought a portent of peace to a waiting world tired of weeping over the opportunities it has already lost. ■

## THE ORDEAL

# Lives in Limbo

**With the last of the American hostages now home, Anderson and other former captives share memories of physical pain, mental anguish and extraordinary human endurance**

By JILL SMOLOWE

**T**erry Anderson may have lost 2,455 days of his life, but he has lost none of his journalistic instincts. "The worst day?" he said in response to a question from the reporters gathered in Wiesbaden. "The worst day I had was Christmas of 1986." A veteran storyteller, Anderson first set the scene. He was in solitary. Similarly confined but within eyeshot were fellow hostages Tom Sutherland, John McCarthy and Brian Keenan. "We had nothing, no books, nothing."

Anderson unfolded the tale, offering his colleagues a bit of a scoop. "One thing we could do—and my captors may be surprised to learn this—was talk to each other." Anderson explained that he had learned sign language in high school, a one-handed alphabet that he taught the other captives, improvising new signs for those he had forgotten. On this bleak day, Anderson was relaying silent messages to Sutherland, who would pass them on to Keenan, and so forth. Then calamity struck. "I took off my glasses and dropped them and broke them," he said. "My eyes are very bad. Couldn't see." End of silent, cell-to-cell dialogue. End of story. "That was a bad day," he concluded, the sorrow returning for a moment with the memory.

With Anderson free, the harrowing tales that were once too risky to tell for fear of bringing harm to the remaining Western hostages may now be told. True, the final installments must still await the freeing of two German captives. But Anderson's release last week seemed to unburden other American ex-hostages of their "survivor's guilt" and uncoil fresh memories of physical pain and mental anguish. If a single thread ran through the recollections, it was the abject despair each man experienced when confined in solitary, and the mutual appreciation, gratitude and respect each felt for his fellow hostages when they were penned together. As for their own forti-

tude, they left the marveling to others. "You just do what you have to do. You wake up every day, and you summon up the energy from somewhere," Anderson said, without dramatic effect. "And you do it day after day after day."

Of the three men freed last week, only Anderson, 44, appeared to emerge whole, albeit somewhat thinner, somewhat baldier and with a hint of a limp. Journalism professor Alann Steen, 52, who suffered permanent neurological damage when he was kicked by his captors for unwittingly prolonging an exercise period, will remain on medication for the rest of his life to control seizures and blackouts. University administrator Joseph Cicippio, 61, whose skull is still dented from the clubbing he received at the time of his capture five years ago, will live out his life with a burning sensation in his fingers and toes, the result of the frostbite he suffered during a winter spent chained on a partly exposed balcony.

It was hard to imagine surviving even a single day, as the details of the hostages' living conditions piled up: airless, windowless cells barely larger than a grave, in which the men could not stand upright. Extreme temperatures, both hot and cold. Constant battles with mosquitoes. The same clothes year after year, sometimes only underwear and socks. Filthy blindfolds that infected their eyes, but could not be removed when a guard was in the room. Steel chains that were never unlocked, save for the 10-minute daily visit to the "toilet," a fetid hole in the ground. Months without baths. Then bathing privileges that forced filthy men to share not only the same water but the same towel, sometimes unlaundered for months at a time. Meals that never varied: bread, cheese and tea for breakfast and dinner; boiled rice and vegetable-something-or-other for lunch. All this savored without benefit of a light bulb. Sometimes without benefit of even a candle. Often alone.

To this nightmare were added mo-



**"I always knew that my big sister was . . . someone I could rely on."**

—Terry Anderson on Peggy Say's efforts to secure his release

ments of indignity that scorched the soul. Father Lawrence Jenco's first glimpse of Anderson back in 1985 was through a crack in a partition. There was Anderson, blindfolded and chained to a bed, surrounded by guards who kept walking around him, tossing off mocking salutes and shouting, "Heil Hitler!" Jenco had his mouth sprayed with deodorant to stop his snoring. More than five years after his release, the Roman Catholic priest can still vividly remember the cruel games his captors would play, spinning him around and around, then laughing when, dizzy and disoriented,



## 1985

**What  
Terry  
Anderson  
missed ...**

**4/11**  
Uproar over  
Reagan's plans  
to visit  
Bitburg  
cemetery

**6/14**  
TWA  
Flight 847  
hijacked

**9/19**  
Mexican  
earth-  
quake  
kills  
4,000

**10/2**  
Rock Hudson  
dies of AIDS  
**10/7**  
Achille Lauro  
hijacked

## 1986

**1/28**  
Challenger  
explodes

**2/26**  
Marcos flees  
Philippines

Halley's  
comet  
swings by

**4/28**  
Chernobyl  
reactor  
meltdown

**5/25**  
Hands Across  
America

Centennial  
celebration  
for Statue  
of Liberty

**10/11-12**  
Reagan  
meets  
Gorbachev  
in Iceland

Iran-contra  
scandal  
unfolds

**11/14**  
Ivan Boesky  
pleads guilty,  
pays \$100 m.  
fine

**... while  
he was  
held  
hostage**

**3/16**

Taken by Islamic Jihad four days after  
U.S. vetoed a U.N. resolution that condemned  
Israeli action in southern Lebanon

**6/7**  
Daughter Sulome born

**10/27**  
38th birthday

291 days

## 1986

**1/28**  
Challenger  
explodes

**2/26**  
Marcos flees  
Philippines

Halley's  
comet  
swings by

**4/28**  
Chernobyl  
reactor  
meltdown

**5/25**  
Hands Across  
America

Centennial  
celebration  
for Statue  
of Liberty

**10/11-12**  
Reagan  
meets  
Gorbachev  
in Iceland

Iran-contra  
scandal  
unfolds

**11/14**  
Ivan Boesky  
pleads guilty,  
pays \$100 m.  
fine

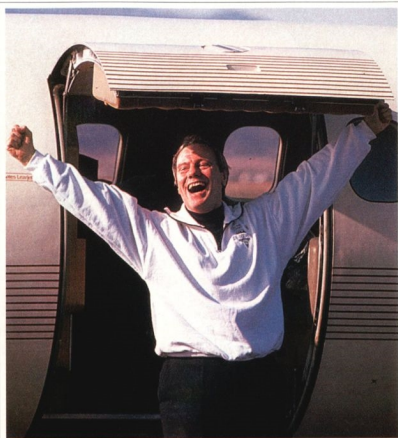


39th birthday

**10/3**

656 days





Two weeks after his release, Sutherland returns to Fort Collins, Colo.

he would bump into things. One of the most searing moments came when a man in copper-tipped cowboy boots stood on Jenco's head. "I am not an insect!" Jenco cried out. "I am a person of worth!"

But to their captors the hostages were often pawns in mind games of stunning cruelty. Several of the hostages, Anderson among them, were led on occasion to believe that they would be released imminently—only to have their hopes callously dashed. "One night they said I was going home, and dressed me in nice clothes," Jenco recalls of his 564-day captivity. "When I dressed, they said, 'Just kidding,' and laughed. I started to cry." There were also divide-and-conquer ploys: at one

point, Anderson and Sutherland were given crates of books and a radio, while two other captives were given nothing.

For different reasons and at different times, some of the hostages surrendered to despair. Anderson's former cell mates recall how in December 1987, when the journalist was forbidden to send a Christmas message to his family, he slammed his head against a wall until the blood streamed down. "There were times when I was near despair," he said last week. "I don't think I ever quite gave up." Sutherland, who shared a cell with Anderson through most of his 2,353-day captivity until his release last month, revealed that he had attempted suicide three times. "I tried to pull a plastic

bag over my head and suffocate myself," he said on ABC's *Nightline*. "But I found out on each try that it got very painful."

What pulled the men through such moments of hopelessness? For Sutherland it was thoughts of his wife, three daughters, and a granddaughter he had never seen. For Anderson it was a Bible and a photograph of his daughter Sulome, now six, whom he met for the first time last week. Men with strong religious affiliations relied heavily on their spiritual muscles. Three bare wires hanging from the ceiling evoked for the Rev. Benjamin Weir the fingers of the painting on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. "That became to me a representation of the sustaining, purposeful hand of God," he recalls. Others discovered a faith they never knew they had. "Before, I didn't believe in God, and now I do," Frenchman Roger Augue told the British press after his 319 days in captivity.

The daily trauma of imprisonment presented psychological challenges that tested both endurance and creativity. Most days—days that ran together, month after month, year after year—were marked only by boredom. So the men privately explored the mental paths that would lead them from their cells, backward or forward, to happier times. Anderson said he fantasized a working farm and a newspaper operation, "working out economics and staffing." At one point he befriended a mouse, which he fed bread crumbs and which perched on his shoulder. He also wrote poems, 32 of which he carried to freedom. Math and computer-science professor Jesse Turner, released in October, worked out elaborate equations in his head. Hospital director David Jacobsen, released in 1986, mentally drove the entire freeway system of Southern California. Several kept journals, which were confiscated by the guards.

Their ingenuity knew no bounds, especially when they had cell mates with whom to share their explorations. Anderson was the great provider, fashioning chessboards, decks of cards, and even rosary beads crocheted from the string of foam-rubber sleeping-mat covers. Games of Twenty Questions could go on for hours, as could the elaborate guided fantasies that they shared. "One day Father Jenco would take us through Rome. Another day Terry Anderson would take us through Tokyo,"

## 1987

2/4 U.S. wins America's Cup

3/7 Mike Tyson wins heavy-weight title

3/19 Jim Bakker resigns in sex scandal

Gary Hart/Donna Rice affair

5/17 USS Stark hit by Iraqi missile; 37 killed

7/7-9 Oliver North testifies before Congress

10/19 Stock-market crash

10/23 Intifadeh begins

## 1988

2/8 Soviets say they will withdraw from Afghanistan

Winter Olympics in Calgary

4/11 Last Emperor wins nine Oscars

Book reveals White House consulted astrologers

7/3 USS Vincennes shoots down Iranian commercial airliner

Summer Olympics in Seoul

12/21 Lockerbie disaster

Arafat recognizes Israel's right to exist

11/8 Bush elected

JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUNE JULY AUG SEPT OCT NOV DEC 40th birthday



2/2



12/24



4/10



8/18



41st birthday

1,021 days

1,387 days

Weir recalls, "I'd take us around Lebanon or Turkey. Tom Sutherland was very good at teaching us something about animal husbandry."

Humor leavened more than a few low moments. Each night when the guards would ask if they needed anything before going to sleep, Sutherland would suggest a fighter-bomber, Jenco would ask for a taxi, and some wise guy would inevitably pipe up with an order for a glass of wine. A big, heavyset guard who dragged his feet was dubbed Lurch. Several of the men took delight in thwarting Anderson's competitive zeal in their games of Hearts. "Every time he left the room," Jenco laughs, "we'd get together and make sure he never won."

Sometimes the ribbing and competition carried a harsh undercurrent, which may have been the safest way of venting the anger that the hostages could not afford to direct toward their captors. In one instance, a group of hostages coaxed their guards into getting a birthday refreshment for Sutherland. When the guards returned with cupcakes, Sutherland protested, "How come Father Jenco got a big cake, and I only get cupcakes?" Jenco insists Sutherland's distress was real. On rare occasions, tensions erupted in hostility, such as the well-known episode in September 1985, when captors invited a group of hostages to select among themselves who should go free. Anderson and Jacobsen nearly came to blows over the sweepstakes, which Weir won—by the captors' choice.

Inevitably, rivalries and antipathies developed during the hard, long months of confinement. Sutherland's recollections of British church envoy Terry Waite, for instance, are particularly sharp. Calling Waite the "bane of our existence," Sutherland told TIME that when the large Waite moved, "it was like a goddam herd of elephants." When Waite joined Sutherland, Anderson and others after enduring four years of solitary, he understandably hungered for companionship—but he had a hard time adapting to the courtesies of a shared cell. "Other hostages had a sense of when people needed privacy and didn't want to talk," Sutherland said. "Waite wanted to talk constantly, ask stupid questions."

Waite's asthma also posed problems. With everyone sleeping so close together, his chronic wheezing kept the others



Steen is buoyant despite head injuries sustained during captivity

awake. So every night Anderson would calm Waite, keeping up a hypnotic patter of "Take it easy, breathe easy, exhale," until Waite fell asleep. Anderson was also more forgiving of Waite's insatiable appetite for information after so many years of isolation. Initially, when they were still separated by a wall, Anderson would tap out dispatches on world events he had culled from radio reports by using one tap for *a*, two for *b*, three for *c* and so on. When it was suggested to Anderson that this must have taken an incredible amount of time, he laughed. "We had nothing but time."

The greatest open rivalry was between the politically liberal Anderson and the conservative Jacobsen. Anderson, along

with Jenco, tweaked Jacobsen, an Episcopalian, about controversial passages in the Bible, particularly scriptures dealing with homosexuality. Jenco recalls that Jacobsen, in turn, often sabotaged Anderson's attempts to elicit new information from their guards. Jacobsen apparently remains conflicted in his feelings about Anderson. On one occasion he told the British press, "I didn't like him," while on another he told TIME, "I love Terry Anderson." Last week he allowed only that his career as a medical administrator was built around guarding people's privacy, while journalist Anderson wanted to know everything. Anderson says of Jacobsen that he "gave something to me, helped me."

## 1989

1/4 U.S. shoots down two Libyan jets  
3/24 Exxon Valdez spills 240,000 bbl. oil  
6/3 Khomeini dies  
8/24 Pete Rose banned from baseball  
6/3-4 Tiananmen Square massacre

10/17 San Francisco earthquake  
12/20 U.S. invades Panama  
Hurricane Hugo rips Caribbean and U.S.  
11/9 Berlin Wall comes down

## 1990

2/11 Mandela released  
2/13 Drexel files for bankruptcy  
Twin Peaks starts  
6/11 Nolan Ryan pitches a no-hitter  
8/2 Saddam invades Kuwait  
10/3 Germany unites  
11/22 Thatcher resigns

6/17 The Simpsons becomes a top-rated show  
U.S. troop buildup starts

JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUNE JULY AUG SEPT OCT NOV DEC JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUNE JULY AUG SEPT OCT NOV DEC



10/24

1,752 days

43rd birthday

2,117 days





Back home in Norristown, Pa., Cicippio waves to well-wishers

Relations with their captors were far rockier. Nine men died in captivity. Last week Anderson disclosed that he believes CIA station chief William Buckley perished right in the cell with him in June 1985. Though the blindfolded Anderson could not see him, he must have heard him, since the pneumonia-ridden Buckley died choking on his own fluids. And almost all the ex-hostages have at least one tale of a savage beating to tell. Of the survivors, educator Frank Reed, released last year, received the harshest treatment, and still endures head, foot and rib problems. Jenco suffers a 20% hearing loss, the result of a beating he received for not returning his spoon after a meal.

Both Sutherland and Anderson said last week that they had suffered some "physical abuse" early in their captivity, but that such treatment subsided quickly. In a television interview, Sutherland said the guards left Anderson alone because they were "in awe of the fact" that Terry had served in Vietnam as a Marine staff sergeant. Steen was beaten more than once, but to hear fellow captive Robert Polhill tell it, at least one of those beatings was worth it. Shortly after Steen attempted an escape in 1987, a Lebanese guard who knew karate tried to kick him. Steen side-

stepped the blows, then decked the guard with a left cross and a right hook. "They got even later," Polhill says, "but it took a Kalashnikov and a length of chain to do it."

Most of the time the guards and their captives had a mutual understanding. "We had to do anything they said," says Sutherland. "If they said stand up, we had to stand up. If they said sit down, we had to sit down. They wouldn't tolerate any disobedience." If hostages obeyed the rules—no peeking out of blindfolds, no talking—they were left alone. Although conditions were unhygienic, the captors could be roused to action when real illness threatened. Polhill received regular insulin injections for his diabetes. Cicippio was hospitalized for two months for a stomach ailment. Waite was given both an air-conditioner and medicine for his asthma. After Buckley died of pneumonia, the captors even "borrowed" a Lebanese Jewish doctor—also a hostage—from another group of kidnappers to care for a dying French hostage. The doctor was later murdered.

There were a few flashes of human compassion. Jenco was taken to a roof one night. Thinking that he was about to be shot, Jenco says he was astounded to discover that "the guard merely wanted me to see the moon." In 1985 at Christmas—



again and again cited as the most dismal day of the year—some hostages were presented with a cake while two guards sang in broken English, "Happy birthday, Jesus."

It is a testimony to their strength of character, forged in the greatest adversity, that many of the ex-hostages speak of the need to forgive their former captors. "I'm a Christian and a Catholic," Anderson said last week. "It's required of me that I forgive, no matter how hard it may be." Father Jenco, by contrast, argues, "Anger is a very good emotion. Even Jesus got angry." While there is little evidence of the Stockholm syndrome, wherein captives begin to identify with their tormentors, several of the former detainees seem to have some empathy for the plight of the underpaid men who held them. Weir recalls that one of his guards lamented that he was as much a prisoner as Weir. "We've got to spend our time here looking after you, and we're not free," he told Weir.

Similarly, many of the ex-hostages harbor no bitterness toward the Bush Administration for its failure to secure their release sooner. "I think the United States took the right policy in not negotiating with my captors," Anderson said. But he admitted with a laugh that there were times when he "wouldn't have cared if they used an H-bomb to get me out of there." Sutherland also applauded the U.S. policy, stating, "I didn't want those guys to get a nickel for me."

Now the newly released hostages must turn their attention to the rest of their lives. After so many years in captivity, the smallest tasks excite and bewilder. Sutherland says he washes his hands a hundred times a day. Turner says the hardest adjustment is "getting used to freedom, deciding what I'll do next." Anderson admits, "I've forgotten what it's like to have appointments, to have to be organized." History has flashed along at astonishing speed in their absence, and they must catch up. Sutherland already has a fax machine, which he must learn to operate. Both Turner and Anderson have daughters, born during their captivity, whom they must get to know. "I have a whole new life," Anderson says. "It's going to be happy, I'm going to enjoy it, God willing."

—Reported by Lara Marlowe/  
Wiesbaden and Jeanne McDowell and James  
Willwerth/Los Angeles

<b>1991</b>	<b>3/25</b> Dances With Wolves wins seven Oscars	<b>8/21</b> Soviet coup fails	<b>11/7</b> Magic Johnson says he is HIV positive
<b>1/17</b> Gulf war begins ...	<b>4/30</b> Bangladesh cyclone kills 125,000	<b>8/30</b> Mike Powell jumps 29 ft. 4 1/2 in. (8.95 m)	<b>7/5</b> BCCI assets seized
<b>2/27</b> ... ends		<b>Anita Hill</b> testifies in Thomas hearings	
JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUNE JULY AUG SEPT OCT NOV DEC			
44th birthday			
 			
7/18 8/6			
Set free after 2,455 days			

TIME Graphic  
by Nigel Holmes and Deborah L. Miller

## THE OTHER HOSTAGES

It is not over for everyone. Two German relief workers, Heinrich Strübing, 50, and Thomas Kempfner, 30, vanished in Lebanon in May 1989. They are being held to exchange for two Arab brothers who are serving life and 13-year sentences in Germany for hijacking and abduction. Italian businessman Alberto Molinari was kidnapped in Beirut in September 1985, but Shi'ites say he was killed. Israel controls some 300 imprisoned Arabs, including Sheikh Abdul Karim Obeid, a radical cleric being held to trade for missing Israeli soldiers.

DIPLOMACY

# Mr. Behind-the-Scenes

**How a courageous United Nations negotiator put himself at risk to broker the hostage deal**

By DAVID ELLIS

**G**iandomenico Picco would have been justified if he had tried to grab some of the limelight that fell on Terry Anderson and his fellow liberated hostages as they emerged into freedom. Instead, the tall, dapper mediator stood in the background, saying nothing about the key role he had played in securing the captives' release. As the point man of U.N. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar's seventh-month campaign to resolve the hostage crisis, Picco had engaged in a series of daunting covert missions to Shi'ite strongholds in Lebanon to bargain with the captors. At times he disappeared from sight for days on end.

Described by Pérez de Cuéllar as "more of a soldier than a diplomat," Picco was a natural choice for the dangerous assignment. The Italian-born Picco, 43, first worked for Pérez de Cuéllar in Cyprus with the U.N. peacekeeping forces in the 1970s. He joined the Secretary-General's personal staff in 1982, and was part of the team that negotiated the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan. Once pragmatists in Iran's government concluded that the hostage crisis had to be resolved, the first man they turned to was Picco. They trusted him because of his evenhanded role as head of the task force behind the 1988 U.N.-sponsored cease-fire that ended the Iran-Iraq war.

Picco passed the word to Pérez de Cuéllar, who was eager to wrap up the hostage ordeal before his retirement at the end of this year. The U.N. team decided to work on two levels. Pérez de Cuéllar mounted a high-profile diplomatic campaign, repeatedly visiting Iran, Syria and Israel to obtain official backing for Picco's veiled bargaining. The U.N. chief also sought advice from Brent Scowcroft, George Bush's National Security Adviser, who traveled to New York City to meet secretly with Pérez de Cuéllar, sometimes without the knowledge of Thomas Pickering, the U.S. ambassador to the U.N. Scowcroft assured Pérez de Cuéllar that Israel was prepared to help free the hostages.

Scowcroft was careful to act only as a consultant, refusing to involve the U.S. in the bargaining with either the abductors or

their Iranian backers. "Our basic message to the Iranians was that we don't see any reason for abiding hostilities and we were prepared to work toward a new relationship, provided the hostage thing was resolved," says a senior Administration official.

Meanwhile Picco embarked on his secret mission. On several occasions he traveled with Syrian secret police to the border with Lebanon, where he was met by inter-mediarers waiting in a black Mercedes. Then he was driven—alone, with his head covered by a cloth bag—into the Bekaa

valley. U.N. sources learned that there was a contract on his life.

The U.N. effort started to pick up in August, when British journalist John McCarthy was released. He was carrying a message from Islamic Jihad: if Israel would release more than 300 Arab detainees, including Sheikh Abdul Karim Obeid, a Shi'ite Muslim cleric kidnapped by Israeli commandos in 1989, the group would be willing to free its remaining captives. Using Picco as a go-between, the two sides began exchanging information about the condition of their prisoners.

A month later, Pérez de Cuéllar went to Tehran to receive Iranian President Hashemi Rafsanjani's assurances that he would pressure the radicals to free their captives. At about the same time, Picco arrived in Lebanon to tell the kidnappers that Israel was willing to release Arab prisoners. In return, the Israelis demanded information on seven of their servicemen missing in Lebanon, one of whom is known to be alive.

Despite these encouraging developments, Picco feared that the process might unravel in the atmosphere of mutual suspicion. In late October, without clearing the move with Pérez de Cuéllar, Picco instructed the Beirut U.N. information office to announce that an American would be released within 24 hours. The announcement forced the kidnappers to honor their side of the agreement by delivering Jesse Turner to Syrian officials. Four weeks later, Waite and Thomas Sutherland were freed, setting the stage for the end of the hostage drama. In a key session on Nov. 30, Picco received a timetable for the release of Joseph Cicippio, Alann Steen and, finally, Terry Anderson.

But as so often happens in the Middle East, there was a last-minute hitch. Sources in Damascus confirm that Anderson's release was delayed



Picco with Anderson last week: Will he return to the Bekaa Valley?

seven hours because a hard-line faction within Islamic Jihad advocated holding on to him as a bargaining chip. Anderson was freed only after fundamentalist leaders reined in the dissident faction.

While America's hostage nightmare has ended, Picco's mission is incomplete. Securing the return of the two remaining German hostages and the Israeli soldier will be ticklish, in part because the abductors are afraid they will be liquidated by vengeful Western governments or abandoned by their former Iranian patrons. That fear could delay Pérez de Cuéllar's dream of bringing the entire hostage saga to a close—and send Picco back into the Bekaa Valley. —Reported by Bonnie Angelo/New York and Lara Marlowe/Damascus

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## Hostages



Open doors: Arabs released from prison in Israeli-controlled southern Lebanon celebrate at Red Cross headquarters in Sidon

### THE AFTERMATH

## Freedom Is the Best Revenge

**What has been learned from a decade of terrorism and hostage taking? Waiting is the best policy, and events, more than people, make the difference.**

By **BRUCE W. NELAN**

**A**lthough the American hostages were innocent bystanders in the Middle East, their agonizing captivity became the nation's ordeal. They were kidnapped only because they were Americans, men who represented what Iran and its Shi'ite protégés called "the Great Satan," and their fate became an issue for all Americans, especially for three U.S. Presidents.

No one knew how to set them free. Jimmy Carter publicly displayed his anguish about the Americans seized in the U.S. embassy in Tehran in 1979, and his failure to get them out helped make him a one-term President. Ronald Reagan tried to strike secret deals with so-called moderates in Iran to free the captives in Lebanon and almost wrecked his presidency. George Bush throtled back on public expressions of concern but encouraged diplomatic pressure on the sponsors of state terrorism in the Middle East. The U.S., he insisted, would make no deals for hostages. But he was willing to let U.N. officials and Israel arrange swaps with

the kidnappers, and he did make small concessions, like returning some Iranian funds, to improve the climate.

That turned out to be the right, or at least the successful, policy. But it is difficult to see that any U.S. initiatives on the hostages' behalf actually forced their release. In the end, the faceless Shi'ite kidnappers under the Hizballah umbrella in Lebanon were simply overtaken by events. The world around them changed so dramatically that Iran and Syria, their main supporters, no longer found them or their captives useful. Some of the lessons gleaned from years of terrorism and hostage taking:

**The forces at play were beyond American control.** The surge of Islamic fundamentalism that carried the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini to power struck a resonant chord with Shi'ite organizations in Lebanon. So did the Iranian mobs that stormed into the American embassy in Tehran and held 52 hostages for 444 days.

Israel's invasion and subsequent occupation of the self-proclaimed security zone

nine miles deep into Lebanese territory uprooted Shi'ite towns and sparked the creation of Hizballah, the radical Party of God, built up with Iranian advisers and money. Its proclaimed mission: to drive the Israelis and their Lebanese auxiliaries of the South Lebanon Army out of the country. The U.S. became a target when it moved Marines into Lebanon to support the Israeli-backed Christian government in Beirut, reinforcing Hizballah's belief that Israel's strength came from the aid and political support the Jewish state got from America. Said one of Terry Anderson's Islamic Jihad captors only two months ago: "The Israeli invasion was financed by America, which also supplied the weapons."

The next step was obvious. Hostage taking had proved spectacularly successful in getting U.S. attention in Iran, and it was an age-old Lebanese tradition that became even more popular when sectarian civil war broke out in 1975.

Kidnapping Westerners—not just Americans were in peril—was easy. After a while, holding them became an end in itself

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for the extremist groups, earning them prestige among their allies and rivals, and money from Iran.

**Rescue attempts are emotionally satisfying but rarely successful.** Carter's catastrophe in the Iranian desert cast a shadow over later U.S. plans. A scheme for rescuing the 39 passengers and crew hijacked aboard TWA Flight 847 in 1985 was bungled or never got off the ground.

Not that the U.S. did not think about rescuing the hostages. In the summer of 1985, Lieut. Colonel Oliver North and Amiram Nir, the Israeli government's counterterrorism adviser, recruited 40 Lebanese Druze and paid them \$1 million to help mount a rescue bid that never came off. The problem was a lack of good intelligence. The Hizballah groups were so secretive and fanatic that Western agents could never get close enough to them to keep track of precisely where they were holding the hostages. But Syria could have helped, according to a Western intelligence report that reached the Israeli government. The report claimed that whenever the hostages were moved, "the Syrians get an update." The report further claimed that Syrian President Hafez Assad asked his close aides to determine whether it was in his interest to help the Americans get their hostages freed. The unanimous recommendation was no, but Syria might profitably help France retrieve its captives.

**Vengeance is not an option.** There were, theoretically, other tough-minded approaches. The U.S. could have taken reciprocal hostages, as Israel did, or attacked the sponsoring states, as it did when it bombed Libya in 1986. Such actions might have done nothing to free the hostages and would only have complicated life for Washington. Taking hostages is against the law, and if it came out that the U.S. or its agents were engaging in criminal behavior, the domestic and international backlash would be severe. It also would hand the advantage to the terrorists: it would be easier for them to seize more and more unsuspecting civilians than for Western intelligence agencies to identify and locate Hizballah members for effective reprisals.

Similar objections apply to bombing a Lebanese town or a training camp in the Bekaa Valley. Israel does it, of course, but Israel is at war with Lebanon. It would be diplomatically and domestically impolitic for Washington if its bombs landed on anyone but active terrorists. And bombing targets in Iran or Syria would have horrified

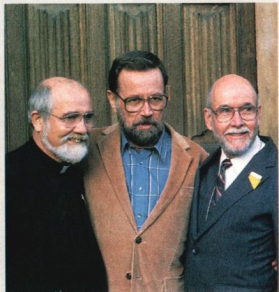
most Arabs and soured U.S. relations with Saudi Arabia and Egypt.

The U.S. attack on Libya has proved effective in curbing Muammar Gaddafi's terrorist adventures, but the strike was not cost free. It led directly to the execution of U.S. hostage Peter Kilburn and two British captives. And Washington now fingers Libya for the 1988 bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, that killed 270 people.

Some politicians in the Middle East did think the U.S. should have threatened Ayatullah Khomeini with force. A French intelligence report, based partly on testimony of Hizballah defectors and Iranian opposition members, claimed that every act of terrorism committed by Iranian or pro-Iranian agents during 1986 was personally approved by the Ayatullah.



**Wheeling, Dealing**  
Making deals with terrorists is shortsighted and unpopular, but Oliver North, above, used arms shipments to buy freedom for Lawrence Jenco, David Jacobsen and Benjamin Weir



That same year Amiram Nir posed as an American diplomat at a meeting with an Iranian official. According to a tape recording of their conversation, the Iranian told Nir he should analyze Khomeini's character. "If he is faced with someone who is strong," said the Iranian, "he retreats 100 steps. You were softies with him."

Asked where the U.S. should use its muscle, the Iranian replied, "Lebanon. If you tell him, 'You have to release all the hostages in Lebanon within five days, otherwise we are going to launch a military strike against you,' and not only that, you'll do it. You have to show you are strong." There were Americans who felt the same way, but apparently none of them could make a solid case for what the U.S. should do if Khomeini called the bluff.

**Wheeling and dealing sometimes works, but carries a moral and political cost.** Un-

til Ollie North's secret arms-for-hostages scheme blew up in political scandal, it did secure the release of three Americans: the Rev. Benjamin Weir, Father Lawrence Jenco and David Jacobsen. But most U.S. politicians and the majority of the population were not prepared to countenance such a cynical trade.

**In the end, circumstances, more than people, made the difference.** Hizballah began to run into trouble in 1989. Iran was in terrible straits after eight years of war with Iraq. The fiercely anti-American Khomeini died and his successor, President Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, decided it was necessary to cool revolutionary rhetoric in order to woo desperately needed trade and investment from the West. The slow shift in Iran toward more pragmatic policies

to end the country's pariah status was the biggest single reason the last U.S. hostages in Lebanon were finally released.

The collapse of the Soviet Union and the cutoff of most of its aid carried a blunt message to Syria, another major backer of terrorists. There was no longer any likelihood of becoming a regional superpower with armaments supplied by Moscow. As Iran took a more moderate course, Syrian President Assad had to worry about becoming isolated if he continued to support the extremist factions.

Iraq's invasion of Kuwait marked the beginning of the end of the hostage drama. First, 15 pro-Iranian terrorists were released from prison in Kuwait, eliminating one of the Hizballah factions' principal demands. Then Assad weighed the odds and joined Saudi Arabia and Egypt in the international coalition arrayed against his archenemy Saddam Hussein. When Iraq's army was de-



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## Hostages

stroyed, Arab extremism and rejectionism suffered a devastating blow. The U.S. emerged as the only superpower with influence in the region and was actively trying to restart the Middle East peace process.

Assad decided to try diplomacy, the only game in town. The U.S. responded to the shift and to Syria's cooperation against Iraq with modifications of its own. Washington signaled that instead of trying to force Syria out of Lebanon, where its "peacekeeping" forces had settled in, the U.S. might be able to live with Syria as the dominant power there.

The hostages were now a hindrance to both Iran and Syria in their hopes to improve relations with the West, so they decided to end the stalemate by pressing the Hizballah factions to release them. Once the main players had a real interest in seeking a solution, the pieces began to fall in place. Three Western hostages were released last August, and the kidnappers invited U.N. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar to step in.

**A successful negotiation has to give something to everyone.** As it turned out, when the end of the hostage crisis came into sight, the U.S. leaned toward concessions that cost it little. It looked the other way when Syria tightened its grip on Lebanon. It continued to release blocked Iranian funds. Last week Washington handed over \$278 million it owed Tehran for American-made ships and planes that Iran had paid for but never received after Khomeini took power. The U.S. also stopped objecting to other people—U.N. and Israeli negotiators—dealing with the kidnappers.

Bush still managed to stand aloof, while encouraging those who were doing the dealing. Washington officials argue that there is a clear distinction between its minor concessions and those that might encourage future hostage taking. The return of Israeli-controlled captives was Israel's idea, and giving Iran back its own money is not literally a payment. Relations with Iran and Syria have eased, but neither is yet in the friendly category. By giving nothing it would not have been willing to concede anyway. Washington has helped cook a deal that is not likely to whet the appetite of the terrorist groups.

**Amid the futility, real winners are hard to find.** But after eight years of the hostage drama, every participant will try to claim some gains:

The U.S. has its citizens back, stronger influence than ever in the Middle East, and

can persuasively claim its stand-firm policy was successful. Even while the hostages were in terrorist hands, the U.S. continued to support Israel and led the coalition against Iraq.

The U.N., by proving that a legitimate, neutral negotiator can succeed even in highly publicized efforts, has gained new stature and importance in the world.

Iran is shedding its pariah status, strengthening ties with Western Europe and getting back hundreds of millions of dollars in badly needed frozen funds, despite masterminding the whole crisis. Let anyone think Bush was ready to embrace Iran, White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater said last week. "They are still a terrorist state and there's still no change in that."

years of brutalizing their captives. In a videotaped statement read by Terry Anderson the day of his release, Islamic Jihad asserted, "We made the world listen to our voice and the voice of the oppressed and suffering people, took off the mask from the ugly American face and criminal Israeli face, deepened the state of enmity and hate in the spirits of oppressed peoples toward both of them."

As Anderson observed, even those who deeply disagree with that statement "should try to understand it." The international realignments that ended the hostage crisis represent a major setback to the political force of Islamic fundamentalism. "Middle East terrorism has been a failure," says Barry Rubin, a terrorism expert



### They Did Not Return

**Lieut. Colonel William Higgins, above, was hanged by kidnappers in July 1989; Peter Kilburn, right, was shot in April 1986; CIA officer William Buckley, far right, died in captivity in 1985**



Syria is the master of Lebanon, which it has always coveted. It is still on the U.S. list of terrorist-supporting nations, but its relations with the West are improving. Washington has even hinted that it will be more supportive of Syria's demand that Israel return the Golan Heights.

Israel is worried that it has not completed the deal yet, but is willing to trade almost 300 Lebanese prisoners, along with kidnapped Sheikh Abdul Karim Obeid, a Hizballah cleric, for one possible Israeli survivor, air force Captain Ron Arad, and the remains of five other servicemen.

The kidnappers accomplished none of their major goals. But Tehran claims they have been reassured that they will not be captured and killed now that they have turned loose their hostages. Though their sponsors in Iran and Syria have pulled back, the kidnappers still claim to have found redemption and inspiration in their

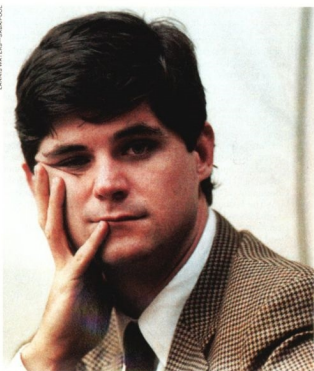
at Johns Hopkins Foreign Policy Institute, "from the point of view of carrying out a revolution, of changing U.S. policy, or of driving the U.S. out of the region." Terrorism, for now, has been sidelined in Lebanon, Iran and Syria.

But its causes—the deep feelings of injustice and anger at Israel and the U.S.—have not been eliminated. If the on-again, off-again peace talks do not move the participants toward a reasonable agreement, extremists will shout that diplomacy does not work, that violence and blood are the only language the other side understands. Already Islamic Jihad charges that the U.S. is using the peace conference "to complete imprisoning the whole region and chaining its people." The threat could hardly be plainer: if there is no peace, American citizens can expect to be made victims once more.

—Reported by William Dowell/  
Cairo and J.F.O. McAllister/Washington



LANE WATERIS—SABOTAGE



An expert witness, above, examines panty hose that the alleged victim wore on the night she says Smith, at right, attacked her

## Nation

### JURISPRUDENCE

# Trial by Television

**As millions tune in to the William Kennedy Smith drama, some wonder whether justice is being served by the gavel-to-gavel TV coverage**

By RICHARD LACAYO

**N**o one should have expected that the first court case to claim a huge television audience would center on municipal-bond trading. With a famous name linked to a sordid crime, the rape trial of William Kennedy Smith fits neatly into the usual daytime schedule of leering soap operas. For the same reason, it has turned out to be a test of whether TV cameras will turn the law into a brand of vaudeville. In a case full of senatorial bar hopping and a parlor game called Vegetable, it's already difficult to keep in sight the serious charges—rape and battery—at the trial's heart. It doesn't help when expert testimony on the alleged victim's underclothes is interrupted by a commercial for the Home Shopping Network.

Yet as justice collided with the video age last week, the impact of TV in the

Smith case was as hard to judge as the defendant's guilt or innocence. The jury, which is sequestered at the close of each day, sees none of the television coverage. But the single inconspicuous camera in the Palm Beach County courthouse sends every word and gesture—everything, that is, except the face of the alleged victim—to a jury of millions. During some parts of the testimony by the alleged victim last week, the audience for Cable News Network climbed to nearly 3.2 million viewers, nine times what CNN usually draws those hours.

What those millions are seeing is a civics lesson spiced with scandal. "I think it's a second major dose of consciousness raising for the public about sexual crimes, following Anita Hill's testimony," says Lee Bollinger, dean of the University of Michigan law school. No less important, the daily coverage is a window onto the real conduct of trials. Without the cameras there, says Steven Brill, president of cable TV's

Courtroom Television Network, "you would see 'ambush shots' of Smith and his lawyers going into the courthouse. Here you see dignity and solemnity."

To say nothing of monotony. In even the most sensational court cases, cross-examination draws out a story from witnesses in eyedropper doses. Expert testimony tends to be bloodless. The lacy bra admitted into evidence in Smith's trial seems less provocative when the garment is discussed by the "bodily fluids and tissue technician" of the Palm Beach sheriff's department.

Viewers also learn to appreciate that in courtroom testimony, demeanor and delivery are crucial. Prosecutor Moira Lasch must still be regretting that she called Anne Mercer to the stand. On the night of the alleged incident, Mercer went with Smith's accuser to Au Bar, the tony Palm Beach hangout where they met Smith in the company of his uncle, Senator Edward Kennedy, and Kennedy's son Patrick.

Lasch got what she wanted from Mercer: testimony that the alleged victim yelled "rape" early on. The jury may remember her fashion-mag appearance and soulless manner.

Then there is the question of whether televising this kind of trial, for this kind of alleged crime, is appropriate at all. For the accuser, the bitterest part of a rape trial is the experience of having her personal life spread before the court, and usually torn apart by the defense. Gavel-to-gavel coverage only magnifies the misery—perhaps even more so in this instance, as the accuser's face is concealed on camera in a way that protects her identity but also turns her into a cipher. The prospect of being at center ring in their own media circus may be discouraging other rape victims from coming forward. Reported rapes in Palm Beach County dropped from 96 in April, when the Smith story broke, to 68 in November.

Nonetheless, Smith's accuser made moving and effective use of her two days on the stand. Her sometimes tearful testimony put defense attorney Roy Black in a delicate position. He subjected her to a no-stone-turned cross-examination that re-

vealed what he said were inconsistencies in her testimony on such matters as whether she screamed during the reported rape. But even restrained questioning of a purported rape victim can sound like an accountant torturing a political prisoner, which can alienate jurors. And at no point did the woman budge from her central contention: "Your client raped me."

**A**lan Dershowitz, the Harvard University law professor and outspoken defense attorney, thinks the tearful outbursts of Smith's accuser are affected by television. "You're playing to a bigger stage, to the world, and your gestures have to be bigger," he says. Unlike theater, however, TV is a medium geared to close-ups, where small gestures work too. On the stand, Senator Kennedy made his own play to the emotions in a subdued fashion. And even in a sensational trial, emotional high points may be less important to the jury than the persistent repetition of a bit of evidence that either side insists is crucial. Defense attorney Black spent much of last week hammering away at the mystery of when the alleged victim took off her panty hose,

an issue that could support the defense claim that she invited sex with Smith by removing them before the couple went strolling on the beach. The prosecution is likely to stress the doctor's report that shows that Smith's accuser suffered injuries consistent with a rape.

In the end, TV may help the law by exposing the painstaking accumulation of facts required to prove guilt. It is a dispiriting truth, however, that viewers fail to demand fuller coverage of proceedings that don't involve Kennedys and panty hose—like the trials of Manuel Noriega or S&L bandit Charles Keating Jr. But showmanship still counts. Would it be any surprise if the cameras tempted lawyers, witnesses and judges to posture a bit more than they already would for the jury? Maybe these matters were better understood back in 1962, when Raymond Burr, the star of *Perry Mason*, sought a meeting with Edward Bennett Williams, the famous defense attorney. In those days it seemed fitting that a make-believe lawyer should look for tips from a real one. It may soon be the other way around. Mr. Burr, check your messages.

—Reported by Cathy Booth/  
West Palm Beach and Andrea Sachs/New York

## Behind the Blue Dot

By CATHY BOOTH WEST PALM BEACH

**S**he was nameless and faceless, just a blue dot, gray smudge or white circle on TV screens. Only her shoulder-length black hair was visible around the edges of the distortion, along with a bit of tailored suit and a string of pearls. Inside the courtroom, however, the jury and a few spectators had a clear view for nearly two days of a 30-year-old single mother struggling with a variety of emotions, from anger to anguish, as she testified about a fateful evening.

During almost 10 hours of bruising testimony and cross-examination, the alleged rape victim struggled hard to maintain her composure. But frequently she failed. Rather plain-featured, simply but expensively dressed, she looked only twice at the man she says raped her. Asked to identify him, she exhaled and paused before nodding briefly at William Kennedy Smith. In an almost matter-of-fact tone, she described meeting him at the trendy Au Bar disco last Easter weekend. Smith, she said, seemed such "a very nice man," whom she trusted because as a medical-school student, he could talk about the problems she had experienced with her prematurely born daughter, now 2.

It was a far different man, she alleged, who slammed her to the ground, pulled up her skirt, pulled aside her panties, raped her and then said indifferently, "No one will believe you." As she was asked to provide more and more graphic details of the

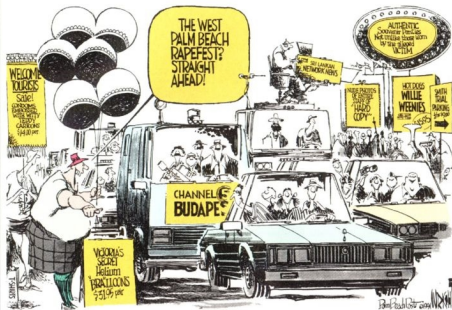
alleged rape, she fidgeted with her pearl necklace, rubbed her left shoulder, then broke into uncontrollable tears. No one gave her a tissue at first, so she wiped them away with her hands as the courtroom audience watched in fascination.

The woman struggled to maintain composure as defense attorney Roy Black hammered away at lapses and inconsistencies in the five statements she gave to police. How was he able to get your legs apart? Was penetration difficult or easy? Were you in any way sexually aroused? Did you feel ejaculation? Was he able to maintain an erection? "Why do you have to ask me questions like that?" she asked, looking Black in the eye as her tears ran. Invariably when she broke down, Black would request a recess, often over the woman's objections.

During more than five hours of cross-examination, the alleged victim held to her main accusation with steely insistence. Only on Thursday did she let her anger break through. With her eyes swollen from the tears, she leaned forward and wagged her finger at Smith across the courtroom. "What he did to me was wrong," she said. "I don't want to live for the rest of my life in fear of that man. I don't want to be responsible for him doing it to someone else." Presiding judge Mary Lupo ordered jurors to disregard the statement. When attorney Black offered one last objection, the witness still did not buckle. "Sir," she said flatly, "your client raped me." Afterward, she left without saying a word.



Tears and steely insistence



comes a cog in the machinery of justice when Smith's attorney, Roy Black, shreds the credibility of Anne Mercer, one of the alleged rape victim's principal witnesses, by accusing her of spicing up her testimony after receiving \$40,000 from Dunleavy's show.

Scant minutes after Mercer has been skewered by the defense, Dunleavy escorts her back to her car, then glides past rows of press cameras with a proud grin on his face. At one point the *Current Affair* star is overheard chatting with a colleague on the mobile phone. Then he abruptly breaks off and says conspiratorially, "I'll call you back later on a safe line."

The journalistic horde seems to be split into two camps: those who are covering the trial and those who are covering the "media circus."

Those who are covering the trial spend almost all their time watching TV, then rushing out to phones or TV cameras to utter the same phrases as their 200 peers. Those who are covering the media circus spend their time interviewing other journalists: reporters from the *Miami Herald* grill reporters from *France-Soir*, while reporters from Italy's *La Repubblica* patiently answer questions posed by reporters from the *Palm Beach Post*.

The electronic media are somewhat more resourceful. The night before the trial, a popular local watering hole holds a look-alike contest for women who think they resemble presiding Circuit Judge Mary Lupo. A team from Gerald Rivera's media empire turns up and obtains live footage of dozens of other journalists ordering Diet Pepsis and Campari-and-seltzers at the event. The cameraman zeroes in on the bartender as he mixes a drink and passes it to a thirsty reporter. Lights, camera, action. The cameraman works for the program *Now It Can Be Told*. Now it can be told that bartenders in Palm Beach mix Campari-and-seltzers for journalists from out of town? Why couldn't it be told before?

Deep in their hearts, most journalists know that it's a waste of resources to have 300 reporters covering a murky rape trial in Southern Florida while the economy is disintegrating, the tropical rain forest is vanishing, the Bush Administration is stumbling, and the AIDS crisis is worsening. But the public seemingly can't get enough of the Kennedys, so reporters pour in from Italy, from France, from Spain, from Britain, from Manhattan, from everywhere. "I am here because of the Kennedy name," says Yvon Samuel of *France-Soir*. "Willie Smith is a nobody."

PRESS

## What's in a Middle Name?

**Plenty. And some 300 curious journalists are watching the William Kennedy Smith trial on TV, like everyone else.**

By JOE QUEENAN WEST PALM BEACH

In the world of journalism, there are datelines that burn forever in the crucible of memory: Berlin '45. Little Rock '57. Leopoldville '64. Chicago '68. Now a new one can be added: West Palm Beach '91.

Some 300 journalists, not to mention innumerable tabloid-TV types from shows like *A Current Affair* and *Hard Copy*, have converged on this drowsy resort. Local TV news shows, with their marvelous ability to manufacture hysteria, pump images out to the heartland every night, creating the inaccurate impression that the trial is a drama conducted at a fever pitch and that the media coverage is a "zoo." A zoo it may be, but one with very small, very docile animals.

The truth is, from the point of view of the working press, it's generally pretty dull stuff. Hours are spent hanging around the courthouse waiting to be one of the 16 reporters admitted to the drab little courtroom in which the case is being tried. The rest of the time, the hundreds of journalists (including several dozen from France, England, Germany, Spain and Italy) lounge around a makeshift media center watching Court TV, which they could do in their hotel rooms. At one point, a reporter sitting in a room full of 90 journalists, who are watching the trial on dozens of TVs, positions two tape recorders in front of a set, ensuring that she will have duplicate

recordings of the television's audio portion. This is not quite the way Woodward and Bernstein brought down a President.

Meanwhile dozens of photographers in the courtyard below laze about, waiting for the defendant or an important witness to come down, ignore them and bolt into a car.

"It's unbelievably boring," says Evelyn Kusserow, a reporter for Germany's *Stern* magazine, as she sits in front of a TV in the offices of the *Palm Beach Review* watching public prosecutor Moira Lasch's performance. Minutes later, a camera crew from the German weekly *Der Spiegel* wanders in, ostensibly to film a roomful of American journalists watching the televised trial. Little do they know that one of the people they are filming is a fellow countrywoman. Thus the Germans from *Der Spiegel* have flown thousands of miles to cover the coverage of the trial, and end up with footage of a German reporter from *Stern* watching an American TV, while the trial takes place 300 yards away. Sacco and Vanzetti it ain't.

The event does have its inspiring moments. Steve Dunleavy, the Outback Gerald Rivera, who cut his journalistic teeth at Rupert Murdoch's sensationalist New York *Post* and now does checkbook journalism for *A Current Affair*, regularly turns up in public places, stage-whispering into his cellular phone. Dunleavy actually be-



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The long walk home: Sununu left Meridian, Miss., last week after handing the President his resignation

THE WHITE HOUSE

# Clearing the Decks

**With an eye on next year's race, Bush jettisons his chief of staff. But it will take more than personnel changes to set a new course for the economy.**

By JACK E. WHITE

**F**or weeks, as George Bush's standing in the polls dropped and fears grew that the economy might stagger back into recession, he had been under pressure from both friend and foe to do something to get his presidency back on track.

Bush finally did something last week—in fact, several things. He replaced unpopular White House chief of staff John Sununu with Transportation Secretary Samuel Skinner, a likable moderate who has emerged as one of the Administration's smoothest troubleshooters. He appointed a trio of pragmatic political strategists—Commerce Secretary Robert Mosbacher, pollster Robert Teeter and Republican

businessman Fred Malek—to lead his reelection campaign. Yet before the week ended, two of Bush's advisers publicly disagreed about the wisdom of cutting taxes for the middle class, once again underscoring the divisions within the President's inner circle about how much should be done to resuscitate the economy.

All this activity did nothing to dispel the impression that the President, relatively surefooted in foreign affairs, has no clear ideas for solving homegrown problems. Sununu did not help matters by his autocratic, high-profile style, and in recent weeks he found himself embroiled in several public spats that did not inspire confidence in his leadership. At one point Sununu seemed to criticize the President for

a remark about high interest rates on credit cards; at another point he accosted a *Washington Post* reporter at a bill-signing ceremony, shouting, "You're a liar! Everything you write is lies!" Skinner is certain to run a more collegial shop, but unless Bush can make up his mind about what course he should take, the personnel changes will mean little.

By mid-November, after several of Bush's political strategists warned that they would find it difficult to work with Sununu on the 1992 campaign, Bush concluded that his chief of staff had become a serious liability. Yet the President, who values loyalty above all else, could not bring himself to give the bad news personally to his old friend. Instead he delegated the assign-

ment to his oldest son, George W. Bush, who met with Sununu on Nov. 27.

But either because the younger Bush was too deferential in delivering the message or because the chief of staff refused to understand it, Sununu deluded himself into thinking that he could save his job by rallying conservatives behind him. Instead of resigning, he began phoning conservatives on Capitol Hill and elsewhere, imploring them to let the President know they supported him.

Some lawmakers, including Congressmen Newt Gingrich, Henry Hyde and Vin Weber, responded positively to Sununu's appeal. But the chief of staff's many enemies in Washington saw an opportunity to take revenge. Republican leader Robert Dole, who has seethed since Sununu helped Bush win the 1988 New Hampshire primary by suggesting that Dole was a closet advocate of higher taxes, coldly spurned him. Then Dole twisted the knife by describing Sununu's phone call to a television interviewer. Some White House officials and G.O.P. political strategists were miffed that Sununu was trying to end run the President. Bush himself was reported to be "chapped" by what seemed to be an attempt to blackmail him into retaining Sununu.

Last Tuesday Sununu gave in. On a presidential visit to Florida and Mississippi, he delivered his handwritten resignation, stating that as a private citizen he would continue to support Bush "in pit bull mode or pussy [sic] cat mode (your choice, as always)." He will remain at the White House as a counsellor to the President until March 1, presumably to help steer the Bush campaign through the New Hampshire primary.

Sununu's downfall was pleasing to many White House staffers who had long chafed under his imperious management. One senior official answered a reporter's call by singing, "Ding dong, the witch is dead." Said a somewhat disgusted David Carney, a White House political aide who has worked for Sununu for 11 years: "Are people gleeful today that John Sununu is leaving? Absolutely. Is he surprised? Not at all. He played hardball, and he got hardball. He knows how politics works, and he wasn't in this to win any popularity contests."

But the rejoicing could be premature. For one thing, right-wing rage at Sununu's ouster could fuel a challenge from conservative commentator Patrick Buchanan, who

is expected to announce his candidacy this week. In theory at least, Buchanan and former Ku Klux Klansman David Duke, who proclaimed that he would enter several Southern G.O.P. primaries next spring, could present the same kind of difficulty for Bush and his party that George Wallace did for the Democrats during the late '60s and early '70s and that Jesse Jackson did during the '80s. Duke and Buchanan will seek to portray the President as squishy soft on such issues as taxes, abortion and civil rights. Says veteran Republican political consultant Eddie Mahe: "Having conserva-

largest drop in jobs since last winter when the economy was mired in recession. Earlier Bush had made a symbolic attempt to show that he is willing to give the economy a jolt by speeding up \$9.7 billion worth of federal spending. But most experts believe that is far too small a sum to have much impact on the \$5.7 trillion economy.

Several of the President's economic advisers have concluded that more dramatic action is needed. But Bush has deferred outlining his new economic-growth package until the State of the Union address in late January. This "do nothing now" stance is

rooted in part in Bush's natural caution, a tendency that Sununu reinforced because of his unwillingness to reopen the budget accord that requires that any new tax cut be offset by equivalent tax hikes or reductions in domestic spending. Sununu feared that tinkering with the pact would lead to compromises on taxes, which would further anger conservatives.

With Sununu out of the way, the balance may shift toward the Administration's "do something big" faction, which includes Vice President Dan Quayle, Council of Economic Advisers chairman Michael Boskin and Housing Secretary Jack Kemp. In an appearance before the House Ways and Means Committee last week, Boskin and Budget Director Richard Darman suggested that Bush would be willing to break the budget agreement to give the economy a shot in the arm by lowering taxes for the middle class. But when the hearings resumed after a luncheon break, Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady, leader of the Administration's "do as little as possible" faction, differed with his colleagues, claiming that breaking the budget agreement would cause interest rates to soar.

Boskin, backed by Quayle and Kemp, has argued inside the White House that the economy would benefit from a middle-income tax cut in the range of 1% of GNP, or about \$57 billion—a much bigger reduction than the Democrats have proposed. Such a stimulus would not significantly drive up interest rates or inflation, Boskin has argued, so long as caps are kept on future federal spending, as in the 1990 budget accord. Clearly the Administration's internal struggle over economic policy is far from over. The outcome will probably be determined by the positions taken by Bush's new chief of staff and campaign team. —With reporting by Laurence I. Barrett/Washington

## Why Bush Got Rid Of Sununu

A jealous guardian of the Oval Office, Sununu kept other advisers at bay. He became even more insular and defensive after it was revealed that he had used government aircraft and chauffeured government cars for private trips.

Sununu opposed proposals to revive the economy if they involved breaking last year's budget deal. With Sununu out of the picture, the balance will shift toward the Administration's "do something" faction, which favors middle-class tax cuts.

The President's top political strategists complained that they could not work effectively with the imperious chief of staff. Said one: "Several of us had started finding excuses not to attend Sununu's little political strategy sessions. There wasn't any point. He'd already made up his mind when we came in the door."



During the fateful trip, Bush lunched with Florida workers

tives making endless charges against Bush cannot help. Over time, it leaves a residue of negative information out there that's not helpful." Even so, there is virtually no possibility that either rival could prevent Bush's renomination. In fact, by denying him conservative votes, they might even help Bush by forcing him to steer a course to the middle, where the bulk of the voters who will decide the November election is found.

A more significant threat to Bush's reelection is the economy, which shows few signs of reviving quickly. On Friday the Labor Department reported that in November employers laid off 241,000 workers, the





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## THE NEW CHIEF

# Loyal but Not So Arrogant

**Sam Skinner's résumé as a crisis manager should serve him well wrestling the White House into shape**

By **MICHAEL DUFFY** WASHINGTON

When George Bush gathered 36 political advisers around a Camp David conference table last August to discuss the 1992 campaign, most of his guests jockeyed for choice seats near Bush or chief of staff John Sununu. Avoiding the fray, however, was Sam Skinner, who entered the room late and quietly took a seat along the back wall. While others injected unsolicited opinions and tried to score points with the boss, Skinner spoke only when Bush requested his opinion, which, according to one participant, happened frequently. "It was clear to everybody in the room that John Sununu was still Bush's right hand, but that Sam Skinner was on Bush's mind."

Few insiders were surprised when Bush turned to Skinner to reverse his sagging political fortunes and end the disarray at the White House. In three years as Secretary of Transportation, Skinner has emerged as the Administration's top crisis manager, a loyalist whose tenacity and competence have earned him Bush's respect and admiration. Most important, the 53-year-old Illinois lawyer lacks both the ideological agenda and know-it-all arrogance that made Sununu an enemy of nearly everyone in Washington. "He wanted someone in the job as loyal as John," Skinner said last week in an interview with *TIME*, "and he wanted someone who gets along with people."

Skinner's people skills are not in doubt. Since coming to Washington, Skinner has surprised White House aides by volunteering to make telephone calls and give speeches on problems unrelated to transportation. He has gone to great lengths to woo members of Congress, in one instance personally delivering a birthday cake to Representative Glenn Anderson, then 76 and chairman of the Public Works Committee. Skinner became a regular golfing partner of Dan Quayle's, and was treated by Quayle to a \$27,000 trip at taxpayer expense to the Augusta National Golf Club

in Georgia aboard Air Force Two earlier this year. Skinner's wife Honey, a Washington lawyer, befriended Bush's daughter Doro, leading a house-hunting trip for the First Daughter when she moved to Washington from Maine a few years ago. "Skinner is the only guy I know who showed up at the White House mess just to hang out,"



**Humble enough to do favors for all, astute enough to know generosity has its rewards**

cracked a senior official. Says Skinner: "I've always tried to be considerate of people because you never know when you're going to be out of these jobs."

Unlike Sununu, the low-key Skinner is accustomed to playing the supporting role. A protégé of former Illinois Governor Jim Thompson's, Skinner was reared in Illinois, received an accounting degree at the University of Illinois, served in the Army and then joined IBM as a sales representative. Though the computer company

named him Outstanding Salesman of 1967, Skinner attended law school at night and gave up his \$50,000-a-year corporate job to be a \$9,000-a-year prosecutor in the U.S. Attorney's office. He rose to U.S. Attorney, earning the nickname "Sam the Hammer" for his aggressive prosecution of corrupt officials in the state Democratic machine.

During the 1980s, Skinner practiced law at the prestigious Chicago firm of Sidley & Austin. He served as chairman of the city's enormous Regional Transit Authority. At Thompson's suggestion, he ran Bush's Illinois primary campaign in 1980 and his general election campaign in the state in 1988, when he was baptized "Velcro" by Bush's Washington staff for his uncanny ability to stay close to the candidate during visits to Illinois. When Bush won, Thompson championed Skinner for Transportation.

In a reactive White House where quick reflexes are prized, Skinner became the preferred troubleshooter. He managed the Administration's response to the *Exon Valdez* oil spill, the Eastern Air Lines strike, Hurricane Hugo and the 1989 California earthquake. Now Skinner's task is to cut dead weight from the White House staff and reawaken the Administration's dormant domestic policy and public relations operation. His appointment has worried some conservatives, who relied on Sununu to take their side in most fights. But Skinner, who has recently applied his charms to the right, insists that he is "as conservative as any conservative" and adds that "Bush's programs are my programs."

There may be nothing Sam Skinner won't do for Bush. During a 1989 G.O.P. fund-raising dinner, a Secret Service agent, careful not to alarm the crowd, inched toward the head table on all fours. He tapped Skinner on the foot and said, "Follow me, sir." Without ado, the Secretary of Transportation got down on his hands and knees and crawled between tables, chairs and legs to the rear of the ballroom, then stepped into a waiting limousine and motored to the White House Situation Room, where he planned the California earthquake cleanup.

One can hardly imagine John Sununu on his hands and knees for anybody. —With reporting by Elaine Shannon/Washington and Elizabeth Taylor/Chicago

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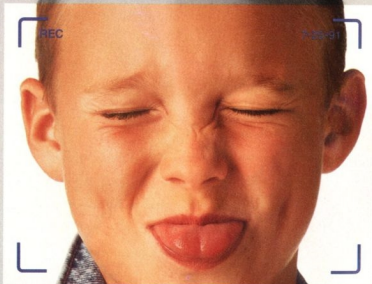
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Happier days: Sununu and Bush campaign in the Granite State

## The Political Interest

Michael Kramer

# Hello George, New Hampshire's Calling

**NASHUA, N.H.** As the news of John Sununu's fall blared from the television set last Tuesday, a smile of sweet revenge crossed Hugh Gregg's face, and his hand, which had turned purple from strangling a golf putter in anticipation of the announcement, finally relaxed. "A great day," said Gregg, who has guided George Bush through the bruising world of New Hampshire Republican politics since 1979, when the two men first toured the state in Gregg's Pontiac station wagon. "This will really help the President here."

For the G.O.P., which has controlled the Granite State's politics since the beginning of time, intraparty warfare is a favorite spectator sport and the Gregg-Sununu feud is its Super Bowl. Gregg, 74, was Governor in the mid-1950s, and has been New Hampshire's leading moderate Republican ever since. Sununu's election as Governor in 1982 was a triumph for the party's conservative wing. Gregg's son Judd, 44, is the current Governor. Judd succeeded Sununu and is more conservative than his father, but the old rivalry endures. Thus the simple matter of how to respond to Sununu's departure became a minicrisis. With Judd away, the stance-crafting chore fell to Hugh, who is his son's closest political confidant. Judd's staff wanted to say nothing at all. Hugh urged a mild statement of praise. "You don't kick a man when he's down," Hugh told one of his son's aides, chuckling to signal that he really would like to do nothing better. "Actually," says Hugh, "we saw the end coming when the President called Judd two weeks ago to say he wanted us, rather than Sununu, to run the '92 re-election drive here. Now a lot of Republicans who've been sitting back because they can't stand Sununu will come out of the woodwork, and we'll finally get this show on the road."

Not a moment too soon. The expected primary challenge to Bush from conservative commentator Pat Buchanan is no trifling matter in New Hampshire. The state's first-in-the-nation primary has always been an outsized test of political strength, and Bush has always had difficulties here. Buchanan could easily capture 30% of the G.O.P. primary vote; anything

higher will be interpreted as a setback for Bush even if, technically, he wins. A Buchanan victory could roil everything. Since 1952—when Harry Truman decided to retire after losing to Estes Kefauver—no one has been elected President without first winning his party's New Hampshire primary.

Buchanan's most significant support comes from the state's largest newspaper, the *Manchester Union Leader*, whose hostility toward Bush is legend. The paper's late publisher, William Loeb, years ago labeled Bush a "clean-fingered, silk-stocking liberal," and no amount of presidential stroking has calmed Loeb's successor, his widow Nackey, 67. To her, Bush simply "sits under an umbrella and watches the storm, hoping to come out with neither rain on his face nor clay on his feet."

Loeb's assessment goes to the core of Bush's political problem, and Hugh Gregg, respected across ideological lines as a straight shooter, frankly agrees with some of the *Union Leader's* criticism. "We're hurting real bad," says Gregg, "and I don't think the President has any concept of what's going on up here."

Only three years ago, New Hampshire enjoyed phenomenal prosperity. Today the question is not when things will get better, but how much worse they will become. In the wake of defense-industry cutbacks, a real estate bust and bank failures, the state's unemployment rate has risen from 2.4% when Bush was elected to 6.9%, the highest September rate ever. In the past two years 10% of New Hampshire's jobs have just disappeared. The rates of increase in the number of people on food stamps and welfare are the nation's highest. Housing experts say a home bought in the past five years won't command its purchase price at resale until the end of the century.

"We're not unsophisticated," says Gregg. "We overbuilt and overcommitted, and it's mostly our own fault. But it's rational for people to feel that the President isn't doing enough to help. We can't wait for the January State of the Union address to learn what the Administration's new economic-stimulus plan is; and I can't understand why we have to."

Gregg predicts that Buchanan will get "a healthy protest vote" and that "others will show their upset by staying home on Election Day." But he is nonetheless confident that Bush will prevail because "there's no serious alternative." If there were, says Edward Dupont, the Republican state-senate president, "we might well have a different story."

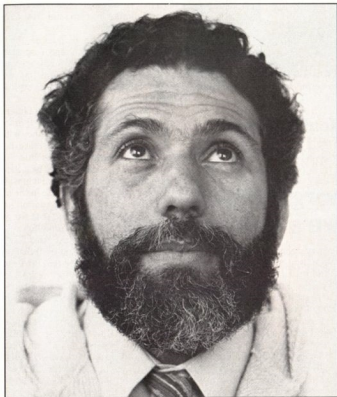
Dupont and other Republicans identify the President's waffling on the issue of extending unemployment compensation benefits as particularly harmful to Bush. "The folks being laid off now are highly skilled, hard-working taxpayers caught in a depression," says Dupont, who has been forced to lay off four employees from his heating-fuel business in order to carry customers who cannot pay their bills. "When they look to the government for help and hear the President say things aren't so bad, their fear becomes anger."

Hugh Gregg's first priority is to get Bush "up here as often as possible to show that he cares. But what do we do with him? We can't walk him through an operating plant because most of them are down. And how can we have an incumbent President seek votes on unemployment lines?"

Many New Hampshire Republicans believe that Bush owes them his presidency. Bush's come-from-behind victory over Senator Robert Dole in the 1988 primary (due largely to a Sununu-directed distortion of Dole's record) revived the President's faltering campaign. "Thank you, New Hampshire," said Bush after he won the presidency. "I'll never forget." As a result, says Senator Dupont, "a lot of New Hampshire Republicans got big jobs in Washington, with Sununu at the top of the list. But what has it done for us?" The answer—a single word heard from many New Hampshire Republicans these days—is "abandonment."

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## AMERICAN NOTES

% of U.S. women who conceived out of wedlock but married before the child was born



### POPULATION

## Hold the Wedding Bells

An old saw says that "first comes love, then comes marriage, then comes pushing a baby carriage," but that idea appears to be out of style. According to a new Census Bu-

reau report, fewer and fewer single women who become pregnant with their first child get married before the baby is born.

Analysts say the increase in out-of-wedlock births results in part from greater social acceptance of single motherhood. But other studies cite more dismaying factors: a shortage of men who earn enough to support a family and the high divorce rate. Many unwed mothers, says the Census Bureau, have come to believe that "they may be better off in the long run by relying more on the support of their parents and relatives... than by entering a potentially unstable marriage." But there is another problem: almost half of female-headed households live in poverty, compared with 8% of two-parent families.

### SCANDALS

## Unhappy Birthday to You

Financier Charles Keating's 68th birthday was not an occasion for celebration. Instead, a state-court jury in Los Angeles found the former head of California's Lincoln Savings & Loan, whose company sold \$250 million in junk bonds to unwitting investors as it headed toward insolvency, guilty of 17 counts of securities fraud. Keating, whose \$1.4 million in political contributions entangled five U.S. Senators in the S&L scandal, faces 10 years in prison and a \$250,000 fine. Last month the Senate reprimanded California Senator Alan Cranston for soliciting contributions from Keating while he was urging federal regulators to go easy on Keating's S&L.

Other troubles await Keating. He is the subject of a federal grand-jury probe of securities violations, a racketeering suit by the federal Resolution Trust Corporation and a civil suit by former Lincoln investors. His next birthday could find him back in court—or behind bars.



Keating: More troubles ahead?

### REFUGEES

## Reprieve for The Haitians

Dancing and waving signs, hundreds of Haitian immigrants took to the streets of Miami to celebrate a victory for their countrymen last week. Rejecting the government's argument that it should be allowed to ship back to Haiti the refugees who have tried to reach Florida in sailboats in the past three

months, U.S. District Judge C. Clyde Atkins extended his ban on forcible repatriation of the boat people. Since September, when the military ousted Haiti's first democratically elected President, Jean-Bertrand Aristide, the U.S. Coast Guard has intercepted 6,442 Haitians. Most are now living in camps at the U.S. Naval Base at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba.

Atkins ruled that the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service had used inade-

quate methods to distinguish Haitians who are genuine political refugees from economic migrants who are not eligible for asylum. Attorneys for the Haitians found that INS officers had insufficient knowledge of the grounds for asylum and knew virtually nothing about political conditions in Haiti. The government has been given a week to draw up new procedures. Meanwhile, the seaborne exodus from Haiti shows no signs of slowing down.

### THE HOMELESS

## Gimme Shelter

Vernon Lamarr Clark walked into a San Diego bank two months ago determined to get in trouble. The would-be thief, who was unarmed, handed the nearest teller a note announcing a bank robbery and asking for cash. After receiving \$40, Clark told a security guard to call the police and patiently waited to be arrested.

An unemployed iron worker who has been homeless for a year, Clark says he pulled the bank job because he wanted to find shelter. "I was tired and fed up with sleeping on the streets and picking through Dumpsters for food," he says.

Although a judge set his bail at only \$5,000, Clark is content to remain in a federal prison and receive three square meals a day until his Jan. 14 trial date. If he is convicted of robbery, he could be guaranteed a home for up to 20 years. Clark is not the first person in San Diego to be driven to poverty-related crime: earlier this year an impoverished senior citizen held up another bank for \$70 in order to buy medication for a heart condition.



Waiting for asylum: Haitian refugees at the tent city at Guantánamo Naval Base

## PROLIFERATION

# Soviet Nukes On the Loose

**As the Kremlin's power shrivels, the West worries about who has control of the disintegrating superpower's vast atomic arsenal**

By GEORGE J. CHURCH

**T**he idea once seemed terrifying: tens of thousands of nuclear weapons of every size and range, all under the control of a dictator in Moscow who could order them launched at will. Now that seems like the good old days. The world gradually came to trust whoever ruled in the Kremlin to exercise caution lest a nuclear war annihilate the Soviet Union along with the rest of the planet. But suppose the arsenal was so split up that no one would even know who might be able to order the detonation of how much of it. It could happen soon, and there are no precedents for dealing with that prospect; never before has a nuclear superpower disintegrated.

The situation holds promise as well as threat. Four republics—Russia, Ukraine, Kazakhstan and Belorussia—stand to inherit all the long-range strategic warheads and perhaps 90% of the tactical weapons. The republics talk of dismantling many of these arms; Ukraine and Belorussia insist they eventually want no nukes whatsoever on their soil. But it is by no means certain that the republics can agree, among themselves and with what remains of Mikhail Gorbachev's Kremlin government, on any program for actually achieving those aims before the momentum of dissolution leads to far different results: bitter squabbles over who controls the strategic weapons and a possible leakage of tactical warheads into irresponsible hands.

Says Georgia Democrat Sam Nunn, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee: "We are on the verge of either having the greatest destruction of nuclear weapons in the history of the world or the greatest proliferation of nuclear weapons, nuclear materials and the scientific know-how to make these weapons." What most concerns many experts in Washington is that President Bush has dallied inexcusably

in developing any strategy to use the potentially critical influence of the U.S. to push the republics in the right direction.

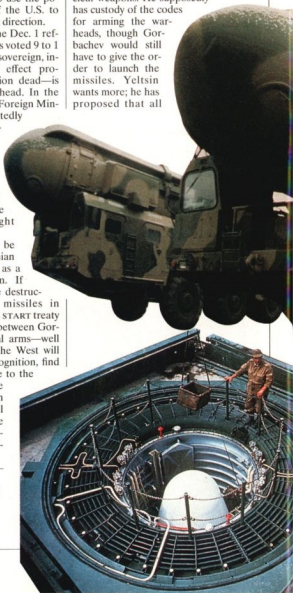
The task will not wait. The Dec. 1 referendum in which Ukrainians voted 9 to 1 to make their country a fully sovereign, independent nation—and in effect proclaimed the old Soviet Union dead—is bringing the problem to a head. In the wake of the vote, Ukrainian Foreign Minister Anatoli Zlenko is reportedly proposing that the four nuclear republics set up a joint command over "the Soviet nuclear force"—which might imply cutting Gorbachev out of the action entirely. It would also leave 1,300 tactical warheads in the hands of the other eight republics.

Though Zlenko might be grandstanding, other Ukrainian leaders are using the nukes as a kind of diplomatic weapon. If Western powers want to see destruction of the bombs and missiles in Ukraine—as called for by the START treaty and an exchange of pledges between Gorbachev and Bush on tactical arms—well then, the Ukrainians hint, the West will have to grant diplomatic recognition, find some way of adding Ukraine to the START treaty and negotiate any further reductions with Kiev as well as Moscow. All this will surely complicate U.S. Senate hearings, beginning in late January, on ratification of the treaty.

**A panoply of nukes from the Soviet arsenal: though control of ICBMs is fiercely disputed, the big danger is sale or seizure of some of the easily movable tactical weapons**

Ukraine's demands are likely to meet stiff resistance. The Soviet armed services, and specifically the Strategic Rocket Forces, are almost the only institution left in the country still operating under genuine central control. Eighteenth century Prussia, according to an old wisecrack, was not a country with an army but an army with a country. The Soviet Union today could almost be defined as an army *without* a country. Gorbachev and his generals will hardly be eager to see their control diluted. Before the referendum, in fact, the Soviet Defense Ministry pointedly told troops in Ukraine, including those controlling nuclear weapons, that whatever happened, they would remain under Moscow's command, not Kiev's.

Russian President Boris Yeltsin, according to British diplomats, has already grabbed a share of control of strategic nuclear weapons. He supposedly has custody of the codes for arming the warheads, though Gorbachev would still have to give the order to launch the missiles. Yeltsin wants more; he has proposed that all



the old union's nuclear weapons be put under Russian authority alone. Ukraine objects—it wants warheads moved to Russia only for purposes of having them destroyed, and then only if the destruction is verified by international inspectors.

Western experts do not doubt the sincerity of Ukraine and the other republics in wanting to carry out massive nuclear disarmament—for the moment. Their fear is that minds might change in six months or so if no satisfactory arrangements for control can be worked out and if republic leaders become enamored of the diplomatic and political clout that possession of nukes confers. Ukraine and some other republics fear they will be unable to resist Russian domination if they turn over responsibility for any of their nuclear arsenal to Yeltsin's government. The danger would become greater still if military or right-wing coups overthrew the present Kremlin and republic leaders, as could happen if winter food and fuel shortages touch off street riots.

Talk of just such a coup is rampant these days in Moscow.

Even then, Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney judges "remote" the likelihood of inter-

continental ballistic missiles coming under the thumb of anyone who would fire them at the U.S. The real menace, most experts believe, is a breakdown of the command structure that would put the easily mobile tactical weapons into dangerous hands.

These nukes—artillery shells, warheads on short-range missiles, nuclear mines—are much easier to seize than ICBMs stored in underground silos. Already the southern republics of Georgia and Azerbaijan have

"nationalized" all military property on their soil, prompting Moscow to announce that the army would shoot to repel any seizure. Nonetheless, local riot police in Azerbaijan have hijacked some army trucks full of ammunition. It is not inconceivable that future raiders or army mutineers might grab some nukes.

In addition, economic chaos has fostered a sell-anything-you-can-get-your-hands-on mentality in the Soviet military. It is only too possible that some commanders could peddle tactical nuclear arms to foreign governments or even terrorist gangs. Even now, says Vladlen Sirotkin, a Soviet historian and political columnist, "give me a million bucks, and I'll have a nuclear-tipped missile stolen for you and delivered anywhere you want."

#### FOUR NEW MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

ICBMs	Heavy Bombers	Total Warheads
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**Ukraine**  
176 30 4,356

**Belorussia**  
72 0 1,222

**Kazakhstan**  
104 0 1,690

**Russia**  
1,035 70 17,505

Source: Arms Control Association and Natural Resources Defense Council

Another threat is that some Soviet atomic scientists and weapons designers, either already unemployed or about to lose their job, will sell their bomb-building skills to foreign countries eager to become nuclear powers. "Just half a dozen could make a crucial difference" to the weapons program of a Third World nation, says Michael Dewar, deputy director of the London-based International Institute for Strategic Studies.

The White House last week dispatched Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Niles to

Ukraine to talk about nuclear weapons; Secretary of State James Baker will follow next week. But Niles was instructed only to listen and not to broach any new American ideas. Congress voted just before Thanksgiving to put up \$400 million to help the U.S.S.R. and its republics dismantle nuclear weapons, but the Administration has yet to plan how it will disburse that drop in the bucket.

Far more should be done, and urgently. The U.S. and its allies could make recognition of Ukraine and other former Soviet republics, and distribution of badly needed economic aid, conditional on a prompt agreement to maintain effective control of nuclear weapons. The West should then offer to pay for, and send experts to supervise, the disabling of as many weapons as the republics want to shed. Great masses of warheads could quickly be rendered harmless by removing their tritium bottles and krypton triggers. And the key is to move immediately. The forces of dissolution in the former Soviet

union are picking up startling momentum, and the West must not be lulled by the fact that for the moment, the nuclear warheads remain under the hands of relatively responsible leaders like Gorbachev, Yeltsin and Ukrainian President Leonid Kravchuk. That could change all too quickly—and disastrously. —*Reported by James Carney/Kiev, William Mader/London and Bruce van Voorst/Washington*

**Either the greatest destruction of nuclear weapons in history—or the greatest proliferation**

# Who Else Will Have the Bomb?

**It may soon be brandished by a whole new class of Third World regimes, thanks to China and other suppliers. The prospects for stopping them are not high.**

By **GEORGE J. CHURCH**

**W**hatever happens to the nuclear weapons in the disintegrating Soviet Union, the old nightmare of uncontrolled atomic proliferation is moving measurably closer to reality—and it would not be dispelled even by an arrangement to destroy many of the Soviet nukes and keep the rest under responsible control. The Bomb may soon be brandished by a whole new class of countries—Third World regimes far more radical and unpredictable than any of the eight present members of the nuclear club.

In fact, it is already possible to set up a crude, if debatable, timetable. North Korea might have deliverable nuclear weapons sometime in late 1993, in five years at the outside. Iran could have the Bomb in six or seven years, and possibly so could Algeria, according to pessimistic Middle East experts. Optimists think the latter two might require 10 years or never manage to develop nukes at all. But there is at least a possibility that all three will be nuclear-armed by the year 2000. Throw in the chances that Libya might be working on the Bomb—and Western experts believe it is—that China will continue its unrestrained sales of nuclear technology to the Middle East, and add to these cooperation among the nuclear wannabes, and the prospects get exceedingly scary.

To be sure, none of this is inevitable. It is conceivable that international pressure will cause some of the would-be nuclear powers to abandon their weapons programs, as Brazil, Argentina and South Africa appear to be doing. But that course is slow and uncertain; intelligence data on the suspects is inconclusive and open to sharp disagreement, not only about how far they are from developing usable weapons but even about how determinedly they are trying.

That consideration is not necessarily reassuring. In 1990 experts were sure that Iraq would need five to 10 more years to develop a nuclear arsenal. United Nations inspectors have since concluded that when the gulf war began last January, Saddam Hussein was as little as a year away from being able to deliver a crude nuclear bomb. U.S. and International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) analysts think the war brought Saddam's program to a rude halt. But inspectors are not at all certain they

have yet found all the equipment and material Iraq may have hidden away, and thus that they have eliminated the chance that Baghdad might resume a bomb-building program if it can ever get out from under intrusive international surveillance. Analysts are haunted by the thought that they might be just as badly misreading the data

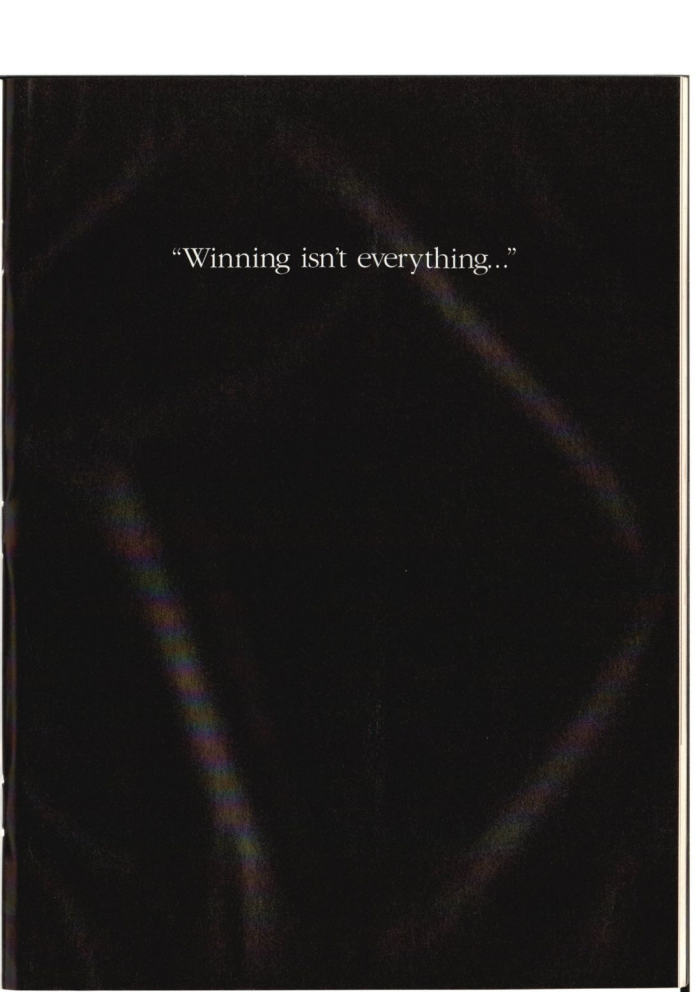
on other fledgling weapons programs. The U.S. is worried enough that in September it set up a special Nonproliferation Center at CIA headquarters, with 100 employees—more than had been working on the issue throughout the government—to coordinate and intensify collection and analysis of intelligence.



**Some of what Saddam Hussein got away with undetected: top, a structure that once housed uranium-enrichment devices known as calutrons; nuclear fuel uncovered by U.N. inspectors in underground containers near Tuwaitha. A question haunting Western intelligence analysts: Might they be misreading some other nation's nuclear progress just as badly?**

\*Declared nuclear powers: the U.S., Soviet Union, Britain, France, China. Undeclared but known: Israel, India, Pakistan.



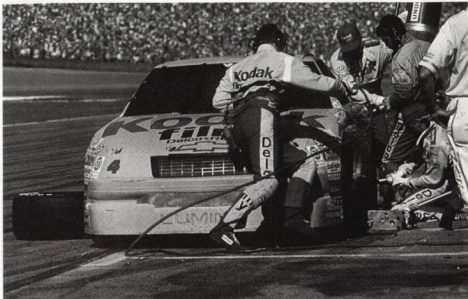


“Winning isn’t everything..”

# Yeah,

## NASCAR

In NASCAR, the first race of the year is the biggest race of the year. The Daytona 500. Ernie Ivan's victory behind the wheel of his race-bred Chevy Lumina set the tone for the year. Chevy drivers found the winner's circle so often that Chevy captured its ninth Manufacturer's Cup in a row. Special congratulations go out to Dale Earnhardt for becoming NASCAR's Winston Cup Driver's Champion for the second year in a row.



Ernie Ivan, 1991 Daytona 500 winner.

## OFF-ROAD

They call him "Lightning" Larry Ragland, and with a modified Chevy Sportside he struck with a vengeance, winning five of eight races to become SCORE/HDRA's Class 8 Champion. Both Clive Smith in a modified Chevy S-10 4x4 and Jack Flannery in a modified Chevy 1/2-ton raced to the clouds, winning this year's Pikes Peak Hill Climb in record time. Jerry McDonald took four Class 7 (4x4) victories in his modified Chevy S-10. And Steve Kelley added three more in his modified full-size Chevy 4x4.



Clive Smith wins the 1991 Pikes Peak hill climb.

# You can't win

# right.



Rick Mears, 1991 Indianapolis 500 Champion.

## INDY-CAR


Rick Mears wins the Indianapolis 500 for the fourth time. So what else is new? This was the second time Chevy power got him there. The Chevy-powered Indy V8 engine so dominates the Indy car circuit, it's compiled an incredible 33-0 record in the last two seasons. No wonder some of the top names in racing race with them. Guys with names like Mears, Unser, Rahal, Fittipaldi, Luyendyk and three Andrettis, Mario, John and Michael, winner of the PPG Cup Driver's Championship this year.



Scott Sharp, 1991 SCCA Trans-Am Driver's Champion.

## SCCA TRANS-AM

Scott Sharp lives on the edge, and with his modified Chevy Camaro he cut the competition to ribbons as they drove their way to this year's SCCA Trans-Am Manufacturer's Cup and Driver's Championships. Scott's victory in Mexico City marked Chevrolet's 100th victory in SCCA Trans-Am racing. Victories in Detroit, Watkins Glen, Quebec and Road America make this a year to remember.

without it. 

# "Winning is the only thing."

At Chevrolet, we learn a lot through racing. Not just how to win at the tracks and off-road sites throughout the world, but how to help put winning technology on the streets. We learn from the on-board computers that regulate the phenomenal Chevy Indy V8 engine. We learn from the suspensions that guide our NASCAR guys through the super speedways, ovals and bullrings. We learn durability from our specially modified racing trucks that endure no matter where they race. And it's all this learning that's inspiring the kind of technology we're putting into our cars and trucks to keep you winning for a long time to come.

**JANUARY** SCORE/HDRA: Kelley and McDonald win at the Parker 400.

**FEBRUARY** NASCAR: Earnhardt wins Busch Clash, Busch Grand National, second leg of the Twin 125's, Richmond 400. Irvan wins Daytona 500.

**MARCH** NASCAR: Schrader wins in Atlanta. CARTE: John Andretti wins in Australia. SCORE/HDRA: McDonald wins in Las Vegas.

**APRIL** NASCAR: Rudd wins in Darlington. Darrell Waltrip wins at North Wilkesboro. Earnhardt wins at Martinsville. CARTE Al Unser Jr. wins at Long Beach (50th victory for the Chevy Indy V8). Luyendyk wins in Phoenix. SCORE/HDRA: Ragland wins in San Felipe. ASA: Allen wins in Columbus.

**MAY** NASCAR: Earnhardt wins Busch Grand National at Charlotte. Burton wins Busch Grand National in Virginia. USAC: Mears wins Indianapolis 500. SCCA TRANS-AM: Sharp wins in Mexico City (Camaro's 50th win/Chevy's 100th win in Trans-Am). SCCA ESCORT WORLD CHALLENGE: Hendricks wins in Sonoma. ASA: Hansen wins in Indiana.

**JUNE** NASCAR: Schrader wins in Dover. Waltrip wins at Pocono. Earnhardt wins Busch Grand National in Charlotte. CARTE Michael Andretti wins in Milwaukee and Portland. Fittipaldi wins Detroit's Grand Prix. SCORE/HDRA: Ragland and McDonald win at the Baja 500. SCCA TRANS-AM: Sharp wins in Detroit. SCCA ESCORT WORLD CHALLENGE: R.K. Smith wins in Texas. IMSA GTP: Taylor wins in New Orleans. ASA: Waltrip wins in Nashville. ARCA: Keselowski

wins at Pocono. Strait wins in Ohio.

**JULY** NASCAR: Earnhardt wins at Talladega. CARTE: Michael Andretti wins in Cleveland and Toronto. Rahal wins at the Meadowlands. PIKES PEAK HILL CLIMB: Clive Smith, Jack Flannery and David Donner all win with record times. SCCA TRANS-AM: Robinson wins in Des Moines. SCCA ESCORT WORLD CHALLENGE: Hendricks wins in Des Moines. ASA: Senneker wins in Calgary. Wisconsin, Michigan and Missouri. ARCA: Glotzbach wins at Talladega.

**AUGUST** NASCAR: Irvan wins at Watkins Glen. CARTE: Mears wins in Michigan. Unser Jr. wins in Denver. SCORE/HDRA: Ragland wins in Las Vegas. SCCA TRANS-AM: Sharp wins at Watkins Glen and Quebec. SCCA ESCORT WORLD CHALLENGE: Corvette wins 24-Hour Endurance Race in Ontario. ASA: Hansen wins in Indiana. ARCA: Schrader wins in Kansas.

**SEPTEMBER** NASCAR: Earnhardt wins at North Wilkesboro and Busch Grand National in Darlington. CARTE Michael Andretti wins in Vancouver, Mid Ohio and Elkhart Lake. SCORE/HDRA: Flannery, Kelley and McDonald all win in Willow Springs. SCCA TRANS-AM: Sharp wins in Ontario and Elkhart Lake. *Sharp clinches Driver's Championship and Manufacturer's Cup for Chevrolet.* ASA: Trickle wins in St. Paul. Hansen wins in Oswego, NY. ARCA: Strait wins in Illinois. *Venturini's Texas win clinches Manufacturer's Championship for Chevrolet.*

**OCTOBER** NASCAR: Craven wins Busch Grand National in New Hampshire. CARTE Luyendyk wins in Nazareth. Michael Andretti wins at Laguna Seca. *Andretti wins PPG Cup Driver's Championship.* SCORE/HDRA: Ragland wins in Las Vegas. SCCA TRANS-AM: Bakwin wins in Texas. ASA: Allen wins in Indiana. Hansen wins in Toledo.

**NOVEMBER** NASCAR: *Chevy nails its ninth Manufacturer's Cup in a row in Atlanta. Earnhardt clinches his second Driver's Championship in a row.* SCORE/HDRA: Ragland and Kelley win at the Baja 1000. *Ragland clinches Class 8 Driver's Championship.* Ragland wins Heavy Metal Championship. ARCA: Venturini captures Driver's Championship.

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You can't win without it.





A rundown on what U.S. and allied intelligence sources already know or suspect:

**NORTH KOREA.** Satellite pictures show that in 1987 the country completed a 30-MW reactor. That is too big for research—such reactors generally run 10 MW or less—and too small for electric-power production, which generally requires a reactor producing 200 MW or more. Besides, the satellite pictures show no electric generators or power lines alongside the reactor to carry off the electricity. So the reactor appears designed to do what bombmakers need: begin the process of producing plutonium for use in weapons. Satellite photos also show another and bigger (50-to-200-MW) reactor under construction;

analysts think it will come on stream next year. A plutonium-reprocessing plant also is nearing completion. Fuel, of course, is not enough to make a weapon; it must then be shaped into an explosive device. A recent defector says North Korea has built an underground nuclear weapons design or research facility to construct deliverable bombs. They can be dropped from airplanes; but if the aggressor has only a few bombs and the potential victim has any kind of air defense, the bombers could easily be shot down before hitting their target. Missile warheads are the preferred method for delivering a devastating blow—and North Korea produces missiles that can carry nukes, not just for its own use but also for export. As part of the round robin among the secret developers, North Korea

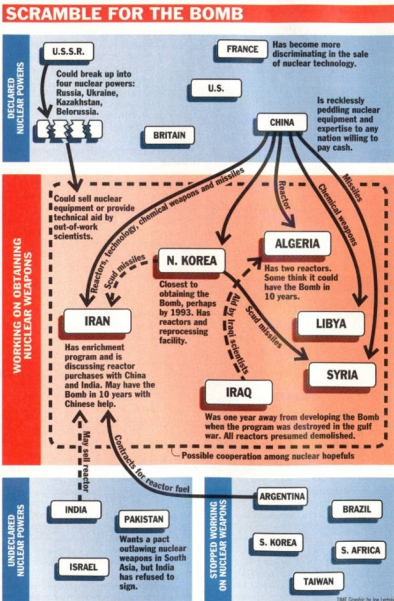
early this year sold to Syria (which may have a fledgling nuclear-weapons program of its own) a batch of Scuds; they carry bigger warheads than the missiles Saddam Hussein launched against Israel and Saudi Arabia.

Altogether, the evidence seems convincing that North Korea is closer to developing usable nuclear weapons than any other country that does not already have them. Nor will the West necessarily know when North Korea, or any other country, has successfully built any weapons. In days of old, the telltale sign was a test blast. But now, says Daniel LeShem, an Israeli proliferation expert at Tel Aviv University's Jaffee Center for Strategic Studies, computer simulation would enable a nuclear newcomer to be "quite confident the Bomb will be effective when needed" without actually detonating one.

**IRAN.** Facing stalemate or defeat in the war with Iraq, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini in 1987 personally authorized a full-scale renewal of a nuclear-bomb program that the Shah had begun. The program has survived both the end of the Iran-Iraq war and Khomeini's death; Tehran hardly even bothers to hide its intentions anymore. On Oct. 25, Sayed Ataollah Mohajerani, an Iranian Vice President, told an Islamic conference in Tehran, "Since Israel continues to possess nuclear weapons, we, the Muslims, must cooperate to produce an atom bomb, regardless of U.N. attempts to prevent proliferation."

Ironically, Iran's program resembles that of its archfoe, Saddam Hussein. Like Iraq, Iran is carrying on its bomb program in small facilities, allegedly for peaceful research, that until recently escaped international attention. Also like Saddam, according to the most detailed accounts from nearby intelligence sources, Iran is trying a number of different methods to produce bomb fuel, which is strictly controlled on the world market. It has agreed to buy a small plutonium-producing reactor from China and is negotiating another such deal with India. At the same time, it is experimenting with three processes, including a highly sophisticated laser technique for enriching uranium to weapons grade (U-235, the readily fissionable isotope, constitutes less than 1% of freshly mined uranium; that must be increased to at least 80% for explosive purposes). Iran already has one enrichment plant, thought to employ the centrifuge method, at Muallem Kilaya, and may have another in Karaj, north of Tehran. It bought a calutron, which also enriches uranium, from the Chinese, but has not yet installed the device.

U.S. analysts think Tehran would need at least a decade to wield the Bomb, even assuming all-out help from China. "China has taken over from France as the world's greatest proliferator of nuclear technology," says Kenneth Timmerman, author of



a book on the Iraqi nuclear program. Beijing is recklessly peddling nuclear equipment and expertise to just about any nation willing and able to pay cash. If China can be persuaded or coerced to cut back, American intelligence officials believe, Iran will not be able to develop an explosive bomb in the foreseeable future.

But some Middle East experts take a darker view. They hear reports that in addition to help from China, Iran is getting "hot cells"—heavily shielded compartments in which highly radioactive material can be handled by remote control—from Argentina. And though American experts believe Tehran's Chinese calutron will produce medical isotopes, Iran might be able to modify the design and reproduce from its own resources more, and bigger, calutrons to turn out bomb fuel. In the pessimists'

power lines or electrical generating equipment at the site.

Outside experts are still unsure what the size of the reactor is. The argument about what Algeria is up to may not be settled even if the country signs the 1968 Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty (NPT) and opens its facilities to inspection by the IAEA. It might, for example, show the inspectors a reactor that really did have only a 15-MW capacity—but could be fairly quickly expanded to 50-60 MW. In any case, what worries Western officials is not just that Algeria may develop a bomb for itself but that it may be helping others build nuclear weapons faster. U.S. intelligence has picked up rumors that some Iraqi nuclear scientists are working in Algeria and that Baghdad has provided Algerians with hard-to-get nuclear technology.

The prospect that such cooperation

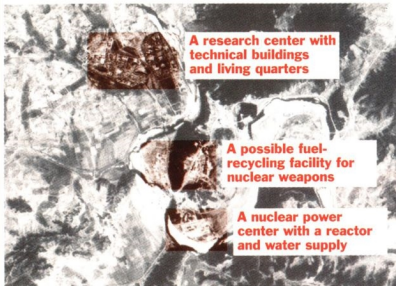
making A-bombs, there is no provision in the NPT for any penalties against the offender: the matter would go to the U.N. Security Council.

The essential question is whether the U.S. and its friends can put enough pressure on the suspected bomb builders and suppliers to get them to stop. Prospects are not entirely dim. Japan, for instance, has warned North Korea that it will not get any of the Japanese trade and investment its nose-diving economy desperately needs until it drops its nuclear-weapons program. North Korea has promised to open up to IAEA inspection if a companion inspection proves there are no American nuclear weapons in South Korea. If North Korea does allow inspections, U.S. officials have evidence that they believe will force the IAEA to demand to see all of Pyongyang's major nuclear facilities—but that still would not guarantee that bomb building would end.

U.S. and British efforts to persuade China to stop its promiscuous peddling of nuclear assistance have so far hit a brick wall. When Secretary of State James Baker visited Beijing last month, China promised to at last sign the non-proliferation treaty before April 1992. Yet it has refused to promise that it will stop anything it is now doing. But some U.S. politicians think a credible threat by Washington to do away with favorable tariff treatment for Chinese goods might be effective. The theory is that China would lose more money because of lower exports to the U.S. than it would gain through further nuclear sales. Democratic Senator Joseph Biden of Delaware goes so far as to say that "we must, in extremis, be prepared to use force to stop dangerous dictators from obtaining nuclear weapons"—which apparently means bombing North Korea if all else fails.

That may be extreme, but all other measures are fully justified. Until recently, nonproliferation efforts achieved considerable success. Membership in the nuclear club has held steady for about a decade (Pakistan entered but South Africa dropped out); such nations as Taiwan and South Korea, in addition to Brazil and Argentina, ended once flourishing nuclear programs; France, Germany and Argentina became much more discriminating in the kind of nuclear technology they would approve for sale and to whom. But all this progress could be easily reversed. The thought of North Korea's Stalinist regime brandishing atom bombs, for instance, could easily frighten Japan and South Korea into developing their own nukes. It would be a terrible irony if the early 21st century revived a dread that the end of the cold war in the 20th had seemed to put to rest: the fear that almost any local or regional conflict could set off an escalating nuclear war.

—Reported by Ron Ben-Yishai/Jerusalem, Farah Nayeri/Paris and Jay Peterzell/Washington



A satellite photo shows suspect North Korean nuclear facilities

view, Tehran could be producing nuclear weapons in six or seven years.

**ALGERIA.** When Algeria signed a contract three years ago to have China build a 15-MW reactor, U.S. analysts showed little concern. They thought it would be, as advertised, a research facility. But early this year, U.S. satellites spotted anti-aircraft defenses that had mysteriously been set up in the middle of the Algerian desert. A closer look turned up signs of construction of a nearly complete nuclear reactor; vegetation planted around it in a characteristically Chinese pattern provided a strong clue as to who was building it. From the size of the cooling towers, the reactor appeared to be of 50-to-60-MW capacity. Experts such as Leonard Spector of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace say a reactor that size has only one function: to produce plutonium for bomb fuel. Also, as in the case of North Korea, there were no

will broaden into a nuclear mutual-aid society haunts Israeli experts in particular. Leshem believes that "an international Mafia aimed at getting the Bomb for every member" already exists and is swapping technology and training. The buyers would include Iran, Algeria and to some extent Libya. China is the leading seller, and North Korea is playing both roles.

So far U.S. and allied efforts to contain proliferation have focused heavily on getting nations to open their facilities to inspection by the IAEA. But Iraq's success in reaching the brink of nuclear-weapons production with a clandestine program while allowing IAEA inspectors to visit its few declared facilities has demonstrated the futility of that. The agency has a theoretical right to poke into suspected but unadmitted nuclear installations but has never exercised it. Even if the agency did—and there is much talk about making that easier—and caught a country clandestinely

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## America Abroad

Strobe Talbott

# How Bush Has Wimped Out

In 1968, when the U.S. was sinking into the quagmire of Vietnam, Robert McNamara resigned as Secretary of Defense and became president of the World Bank. Having retreated from the war against communism, he threw himself into the struggle against another enemy, which has turned out to be more robust and insidious: human misery so extreme and extensive that it can spread across borders in the form of marauding armies or refugees fleeing hunger and chaos.

As McNamara quickly realized, the poorest countries were all but beyond help if their citizens brought babies into the world at a rate that defied the ability of society to make life worth living. In his inaugural speech after coming to the bank, he identified overpopulation as "one of the greatest barriers to economic growth and social well being." That was 23 years ago. There were 3.4 billion people on the planet.

Five years later, the U.S. representative to the United Nations, an enlightened and conscientious fellow named George Bush, wrote that "success in the population field" might "determine whether we can resolve successfully the other great questions of peace, prosperity and individual rights that face the world." By then, there were an additional half a billion mouths to feed. Most of the increase had occurred in countries like Bangladesh, Egypt, Kenya and Nicaragua, with annual growth rates of around 3%, which means the population doubles every 23 years.

Now, with the world head count at 5.4 billion, McNamara, 75, has returned to the subject of the population explosion with a vengeance. Bush, by contrast—even though he is in a position to do much more good than a private citizen like McNamara—has wimped out in spectacular fashion.

In a paper imposingly titled "A Global Population Policy to Advance Human Development in the 21st Century," to be issued this week by the U.N., McNamara estimates that a billion people are living in what he calls "absolute poverty," their lives "so characterized by malnutrition, illiteracy and disease as to be beneath any reasonable definition of human dignity," and that 40,000 children die each day. Yet he argues that the statistics, depressing as they are in many ways, still offer some grounds for hope—and a major incentive for action.

Our species was on the earth a million years before it numbered 1 billion. That was in 1800. It took only 130 years to reach the second billion, 30 years to reach the third, 15 the fourth, 12 the fifth. The good news is that a graph of this exponential growth projected into the future forms an S curve, taking off slowly, then rising sharply, but eventually flattening out. Fertility rates—the average number of children per woman—have declined dramatically. In part that is because of severe limits on family size in the most populous country, China, but it is also due to the worldwide promotion of birth control by the U.N. and private organizations like the International Planned Parenthood Foundation.

The trouble is, even if fertility rates in the Third World dropped immediately from around 4 births per woman to the "replacement level" of 2 (a baby to replace each parent), the population would still climb to more than 8 billion sometime

in the middle of the next century. That is because the vast numbers of females born on the steepest part of the S curve in the '50s and '60s have generated "demographic momentum," a boom in childbearing that will last for some time to come.

How big that baby boom is and how long it lasts will depend on what happens to fertility rates during the decade ahead. Jessica Mathews, vice president of the World Resources Institute, illustrates the point neatly: "A young woman today who bears three children instead of the six her mother may have borne will have 27 great-grandchildren instead of 216." If enough women follow that example—which means, above all, practicing contraception—the world's population may eventually stabilize at around 10 billion, rather than the 15 billion some demographers predict. A human race twice as numerous as it is now might be able to feed itself and avoid di-



Starving Ethiopians: a "pro-life" policy with deadly consequences

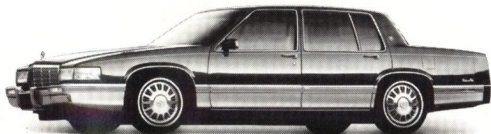
sastrous social, political and environmental consequences. However, at three times today's level, there would be far greater risk of a Malthusian cataclysm.

McNamara concludes by recommending that the U.N. help developing countries establish step-by-step, long-range programs, financed with the assistance of the World Bank, for coming as close as possible to zero population growth.

The U.S. should take the lead in this campaign, but it probably won't as long as Bush has anything to say about it. He cravenly repudiated his earlier championship of serious family planning when he went to work for Ronald Reagan. As President, Bush has kept in place his predecessor's withdrawal of U.S. payments to the U.N. Fund for Population Activities and International Planned Parenthood on the specious grounds that they support abortion.

Bush continues to pay lip service to this canard out of fear of Republican right-wingers who claim to be "pro-life." In its implications for the slums and villages of the Third World, that slogan disguises a policy that is pro-death. Bush, who hopes that his standing as an international leader will help him next year, says his position has "evolved" after much "soul-searching." Soul-selling is more like it. ■

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CIC-259

# I N S U R A N C E



## WORLD NOTES



The widow Hoxha: Should she face trial?

### ALBANIA

## A Setback for The Old Guard

Despite their landslide victory in Albania's first free elections last spring, the old communist rulers have had trouble holding on to power as the wave of reform sweeps over Europe's poorest and most isolated country. Reincarnated as the Socialist Party, they were

forced by a rash of strikes to enter into a coalition with the opposition Democratic Party in June. Last week Democratic leader Sali Berisha charged his governing partners with "attempting to create a neodictatorship" and pulled his seven ministers out of the 21-member Cabinet.

In a further sign of communist disarray, the widow of Enver Hoxha, the Stalinist who founded and presided over the original dictatorship for 41 years, was arrested on charges of corruption. Although bringing to book Nexhmije Hoxha, a powerful figure in her own right, was high on the opposition's agenda, the arrest came too late to keep the government together as the Democrats demanded that elections be held as early as next month. Given the social unrest exacerbated by drastic economic reforms, the Democrats are confident that this time they will oust the communists once and for all. ■

### MEXICO

## Why Did They Open Fire?

The army claimed it was a tragic accident. On Nov. 7 a planeload of narcotics agents from the Mexican Attorney General's office landed at a clandestine airstrip in hot pursuit of a plane from Colombia that stopped to refuel—and turned out to contain more than 814 lbs. of cocaine. When the Mexican narcs emerged, more than 100 soldiers already on the ground opened fire, killing seven of the agents.

Although the military claimed that the agents had been mistaken for drug smugglers, mounting evidence indicated that the soldiers were at the airstrip not to capture the smugglers—both of

whom escaped—but to protect them.

Last week an investigation by Mexico's National Commission on Human Rights, aided by videotapes of the scene taken by U.S. Customs agents flying overhead, concluded that the local regional commander, General Alfredo Morán Acevedo, bore the major responsibility for the deaths. Arriving at the scene with reinforcements, after receiving at least two telephone warnings that his men were shooting at drug agents, he continued the attack. Although the report charged that Morán, his four top assistants and 14 soldiers had violated both military and civilian regulations and should be investigated by the defense ministry, it stopped short of accusing the army of drug trafficking. ■

### POLAND

## Reluctant Choice

For almost six weeks after the parliamentary elections in October, President Lech Walesa looked for another way out. Then last week he grudgingly acquiesced to the will of the dominant center-right coalition in the lower house and named Jan Olszewski, 61, a lawyer with a long history of defending dissidents to Communist rule, to the post of Prime Minister.

Walesa moved reluctantly because Olszewski favors softening the radical anti-inflation policies that have been hailed abroad for pushing Poland into a market economy but are despised at home for causing 10% unemployment and threatening the survival of hundreds of state-owned businesses. Figuring that Poland had



The new Prime Minister

to bear economic pain in any case, Walesa has generally supported moving to a free market as quickly as possible. The choice may have been an effort to garner the center-right's support for laws to strengthen presidential powers, including more say in naming the Cabinet. ■



Watanabe, right, welcomes Secretary of State James Baker to Tokyo

### JAPAN

## No Apology Necessary

The immense wave of attention the U.S. has been devoting to the 50th anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor has made Japan nervous. Using language more specific than usual, Foreign Minister Michio Watanabe told the *Washington Post*, "We feel a deep remorse about the unbearable suffering and sorrow Japan inflicted on the American people and the peoples of Asia."

The surprise attack and the war in the Pacific, he added, re-

sulted from "the reckless decision of our military." It was a particularly direct statement that went beyond the usual bland formula used by Japanese officials.

Watanabe said his country is not seeking "any kind of apology" from the U.S. for dropping atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But his views were not shared by conservatives in his own ruling party. They blocked a resolution in the Diet that would have apologized for the war because they were offended by President Bush's statement that the U.S. has no reason to apologize for using the bombs. ■

## SCANDAL

# Maxwell's Plummet

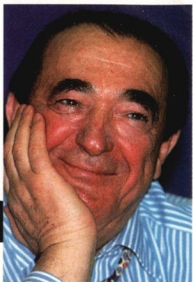
**Burdened by huge, previously unreported debts, the media mogul's empire breaks apart amid tales of skulduggery, real and imagined**

By THOMAS MCCARROLL

Ever since Robert Maxwell slipped mysteriously into the Atlantic Ocean last month, his media empire has been rapidly crumbling. While Maxwell's sons Kevin and Ian scrambled to prevent the conglomerate's collapse, creditors in half a dozen countries have been busy sorting out the tangled web of 400 interlocking companies that were woven together by the late tycoon.

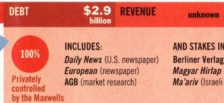
But efforts to rescue the family business suffered one setback after another in recent weeks, including stunning revelations of possible fraud and double-dealing.

Unable to keep the conglomerate, parts of which are publicly traded, from unraveling, Maxwell's sons called it quits last week and put the family's privately held enterprises into receivership. Although the filing will buy the family time, it will do little to end the international row over Maxwell's assets. The Maxwell empire, which ranges from such highly visible publications as New York City's *Daily News* and London's *Daily Mirror* to tiny entities like Nimbus Records, is the subject of investigations on both sides of the Atlantic, notably a criminal probe by Britain's Serious Fraud Office (SFO). About 30 banks and other creditors are lining up in what prom-



**TOTAL DEBT** disclosed at time of death: **\$4.5 billion** (estimate)  
**Revealed to date (and counting): \$7.1 billion** (principal debts represented below)

## Robert Maxwell Group



**TOTAL OWED TO LENDING BANKS \$1.6 billion**

**LOANS FROM PENSION**  
**\$767 million**  
 total for both companies

## Maxwell Communication



## Mirror Group Newspapers



**LOANS FROM PENSION**

## Lending banks

The fall of Maxwell's empire will most likely result in a giant fire sale. Should property sales fall short of covering the massive debt, banks will unload the companies' remaining loans at a steep discount. Banks already hold 12% of the shares in Maxwell Communication and 3.5% of the stock in Mirror Group Newspapers as collateral. The banks' title to the shares, however, is being disputed by the pension funds.

ises to be a bruising humbug. Says Smith Barney analyst John Reidy: "Robert Maxwell left behind mysteries that may never be solved and a big, big mess that may never get unsnarled."

Maxwell was deep in hock and struggling to keep his conglomerate afloat in the months before his death. The Czechoslovak-born press baron, who embraced socialism in the 1960s as a Member of Parliament, had run up \$4.5 billion in debts to buy everything from American book publishers to British soccer teams to Israeli and German newspapers. But even before Maxwell was interred, reports of financial skulduggery in his shop began to surface. First came the startling revelation that the company was broke. Then came the discovery that Maxwell had pledged the same assets as collateral for various loans.

The most explosive bombshell came last week, when it was revealed that the media magnate had secretly—and improperly—"borrowed" \$767 million from worker pension funds at the two public concerns under his control. The money is missing and unaccounted for. This most unsocialist of acts prompted the *Mirror's* conservative archrival, Rupert Murdoch's *Sun*, to run banner headlines in Thursday's edition asking cheekily, MIRROR

MIRROR ON THE WALL, WHO IS THE BIGGEST CROOK OF ALL?

The latest revelations revived speculation linking Maxwell's death to the dire financial condition of his media empire. Although the preliminary autopsy report claimed the 300-lb. 68-year-old died of "natural causes," the exact circumstances of his death are still unknown. Even Maxwell's *Mirror* reported in its Thursday edition that at the time of his death the magnate was under increasing pressure to meet debt obligations. But while the events leading up to his demise remain obscure, one point is now very clear: Maxwell's wealth was more financial illusion than reality.

The Maxwell family's conglomerate is loosely organized into three clusters. The two publicly listed companies include the Mirror Group, which publishes the *Daily Record*, the *Sunday Mail* and *Racing Times*, as well as the *Mirror* newspapers. The flagship company, Maxwell Communication, controls such concerns as Macmillan books, the Official Airline Guides and P.F. Collier encyclopedias. The Robert Maxwell Group is privately held and owned 100% by the family. Its operations include the Oxford United Football Club and publications like the *European*, as well as stakes in newspapers in Israel, Hungary and Kenya.

But all three holding companies are also directly and indirectly linked to dozens of other family-controlled enterprises. Maxwell's creditors were unaware of the nature of the corporate structure because the man whose wealth was estimated at \$1.8 billion incorporated family trusts in Liechtenstein, where tax laws and disclosure rules are virtually nonexistent. Not even Maxwell family members were aware of the web's scope. Said son Kevin, 32, who succeeded his father as chairman of Maxwell Communication until he stepped down last week: "Clearly we didn't know everything, and clearly he had a style of business where probably you had a need to know rather than a sharing of information all the time."

**A**s a result, the senior Maxwell was able to pile debt upon debt with no one, apparently, the wiser. His purchase of a British investment fund, First Tokyo Index Trust, illustrates how Maxwell used financial sleight of hand and guile to finance deals. Through Headington Investments, a finance company under his control, Maxwell borrowed \$100 million from Swiss Bank Corp. last summer to buy the entire First Tokyo portfolio. Maxwell was supposed to turn over the portfolio to Swiss Bank in October as collateral for the loan. But Maxwell did not repay the loan, nor did he deliver the securities as promised. Meanwhile, he had already pledged the assets as collateral for loans made to another Maxwell company. The deal is being investigated by British law-enforcement authorities.

Swiss Bank wasn't alone. Dozens of banks were left holding the bag. Among those with the heaviest exposure: Midland, Lloyds, National Westminster, Barclay's, Sumitomo Trust, Crédit Lyonnais, Citicorp and Bankers Trust. While most banks were plain old gullible, some claim that they were duped. "We weren't wearing blinders," explains a banker. "But maybe we should start asking borrowers to take lie-detector tests."

Months before Maxwell vanished from his 180-ft. yacht, there was a growing fear that he was having trouble meeting his repayment schedule. With the American and European economies starting to sour, Maxwell was faced with declining cash flow and debilitating debt payments. Despite his eroding financial condition, however, he was able to pass annual audits by leading European accountants Coopers & Lybrand Deloitte. That enabled Maxwell to add on more debt in March when he purchased the *Daily News* from the Tribune Co. by assuming as much as \$35 million in obligations.

As concerns about Maxwell's financial strength mounted, stock in Maxwell Communication weakened. After reaching a



**Troubled legacy:** Robert Maxwell left his sons Ian and Kevin the burden of sorting out the ruins of his media empire

high of \$4.28 a share in April, the price plunged to \$2.18 by Nov. 5, the day he disappeared. By the time trading in the shares was suspended last week, the price had dropped to \$0.63. The decline in stock value was of special concern to Maxwell's creditors, since most of the family's 68% stake in the company was pledged as collateral for loans. That stake, valued at nearly \$2 billion in May, is now worth only \$440 million.

Maxwell did recognize that some assets would have to be sold to help pay off debt. His sons, including Ian, 35, have attempted to pursue that policy. So far, they have been able to raise more than \$700 million by selling such assets as Macmillan Computer Publishing for \$158 million and Berlitz International for \$265 million. But with the deal market in a slump, there have been few takers and even fewer good offers. To attract buyers, the Maxwells have practically had to conduct a fire sale, selling assets for only a fraction of their worth. The Official Airline Guides has been on the auction block for months, for instance, but its likely buyer, Britain's Reed International, will probably not pay more than \$500 million. Maxwell paid \$750 million for the guide three years ago. Now even some of the deals thought to have been completed are in doubt. Last week company executives reported with some embarrassment that they were unable to locate stock certificates for Berlitz International that are integral to the completion of the sale of that firm to Fukutake Publishing of Japan.

While the Maxwells managed, by hook or by crook, to raise enough to meet a \$750 million payment due in October 1992, they conceded they would be unable to meet a \$1.3 billion obligation due in October 1994. Unsatisfied creditors, however, may be able to go after the Maxwell family fortune. According to a leaked report by Bankers Trust and Coopers & Lybrand, Maxwell assets are estimated to exceed liabilities by about \$350 million.

For now, though, it will be up to the courts to sort out the mess. The Maxwells acted to place the private company, the Robert Maxwell Group, into receivership after all attempts to raise fresh outside capital proved hopeless. John Talbot, the ad-

## Was It Suicide?

**R**obert Maxwell may be resting in peace in an Israeli cemetery, but the rumors about how he met his demise refuse to die down. Spanish investigators contend that Maxwell suffered a heart attack, but last week's revelations that \$767 million mysteriously disappeared from a pair of Maxwell operations during the months leading up to his death have revived the speculation. There are three schools of tabloid-style musings:

► **MAXWELL KILLED HIMSELF!** One version holds that Maxwell took his life knowing the financial dam was about to burst. The *Daily Express* in London reports that Maxwell seemed agitated and depressed during his "last supper." A variation is that he was suffering from a fatal disease, supported in one tabloid by Spanish doctors.

► **MAXWELL'S ALIVE!** The *Sun*, a British tabloid, suggests that he might be hiding in South America while some other large chap rests in Jerusalem's Mount of Olives. The *Guardian* states, "The Spanish authorities have no evidence other than the word of his family that the body pulled from the sea ... was that of Mr. Maxwell."

► **MAXWELL WAS KILLED!** A rumor among cynical Israeli journalists is that Maxwell was an agent for the Mossad, Israel's spy agency. Thus Israel's enemies rubbed him out. Or was it that the Mossad executed Captain Bob to prevent him from exposing secrets? Or did he launder millions from secret arms sales to Iran and get killed "to shut him up." Then there's the one that Maxwell was hammered by New York Mafia hit men angry about layoffs at the *Daily News*. Or maybe ...



Maxwell's family gathered at the funeral in Jerusalem last month

ministrator appointed by the High Court last week to oversee the family's private holdings, said Maxwell's remaining assets were likely to be put up for sale. That includes the Maxwells' stock in Maxwell Communication as well as their 51% stake in the Mirror Group.

It could also include the *Daily News*. But that is not entirely certain. Only hours after the Maxwells declared insolvency, the New York City publication filed its own petition for bankruptcy in the U.S. in an effort to thwart any possible sale of the paper by the British administrator. In their determination to keep the paper open, *Daily News* unions expressed a willingness to make

wage and other concessions. The paper was financially crippled earlier this year by a five-month strike that cost \$1 million a day and that ended only after Robert Maxwell bought the paper in March. The *News* still remains unprofitable, perhaps prohibitively so. In a meeting with *Daily News* staff last Thursday, Kevin Maxwell vowed to continue publication: "There is absolutely no question that the *News* will come out." However, it remains unclear whether Maxwell can prevent the paper from being sacrificed to pay debts. Several potential buyers, including Mortimer Zuckerman, owner of *U.S. News & World Report*, have already expressed interest.

On the other side of the Atlantic, workers at the *Daily Mirror* expressed dismay and anger after it was revealed that Captain Bob, as the swashbuckling Maxwell was dubbed years ago by the British humor magazine *Private Eye*, had looted their pension fund and treasury in order to prop up his personal fiefdom. The transactions, which took place in the months before he died, are being probed by British authorities. Last Friday SFO agents raided the family headquarters at Maxwell House in search of documents relating to the missing pension funds. Still, bemoans Ossie Fletcher, the former editor of the Mirror Group's *Sporting Life*, "we always assumed that the pension fund was untouchable."

Not everyone shared Fletcher's now shattered faith in Captain Bob's empire and the media mogul's fitness as a manager. Two decades ago, British regulators investigating his 1969 attempt to sell Pergamon Press concluded in a report that the murky relationships among Maxwell's privately held businesses made him specifically unfit "to exercise proper stewardship of a publicly quoted company." A principal author of that report, Sir Ronald Leach, now 84, said last week, "If anybody had taken the time and trouble to read and take notice of our report, they would have seen that what has been happening recently was happening 20 years ago." The final collapse of his empire suggests that Maxwell was less a media mogul than a master of a shell game. —With reporting by Anne Constable/London and Adam Zagorin/Brussels



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# All That Glitters . . .

**Stephen Saccoccia thought he could go on laundering hundreds of millions in drug money forever. He was wrong.**

By RICHARD BEHAR

To the merchants who line the rough-and-tumble streets of New York City's diamond district, he is known as Steve "Yorakim"—Hebrew for green, the color of money. But to prosecutors in Manhattan, as well as Miami, Atlanta, Los Angeles and Providence, Stephen Anthony Saccoccia is known as one of the country's biggest, savviest and most wanted money launderers for Colombia's drug cartels. That is, until shortly before Thanksgiving weekend, when hundreds of government agents mounted a simultaneous five-state assault on Saccoccia's organization, arresting and indicting 50 people and seizing millions of dollars' worth of businesses, houses, cars and cash that had allegedly been used to wash as much as \$750 million in narcotics proceeds.

The smashing of Saccoccia's empire is actually the third major drug-money laundering indictment in the precious-metals and diamond industry in as many years. The first phase of what the Federal Government calls Operation Polar Cap involved the 1988 break-up of a \$1 billion money-laundering scheme for the Medellín cartel through a Los Angeles jewelry mart. "Saccoccia was in a position to step right in after we knocked out Polar Cap One," says U.S. Attorney Lincoln Almond of Rhode Island. "We were onto him from the get-go."

The end came last week in Geneva, where Saccoccia, 35, was arrested with his wife (and reputed confederate) Donna, carrying \$500,000 in cash. Yet that is mere pocket change for precious-metals traders, whose enormous cash transactions make them ideal fronts for laundering. "A precious-metals dealer may buy and sell hundreds of millions of dollars of gold in a year in numerous transactions, show a minimal profit, produce limited business records that appear legitimate and not raise suspicion," explains Dennis Fortune, a money-laundering expert and 24-year IRS veteran.

In Saccoccia's operation, say prosecutors, hundreds of thousands of dollars flowed into dummy shops in Manhattan's jewelry district each day from nationwide drug couriers. The cash was bundled into duffel bags or gold-shipment crates and



From Manhattan's diamond district, Stephen and Donna Saccoccia's ring allegedly washed drug money through 25 banks, from the U.S. to Europe, the Caribbean and South America

driven by Brink's or Loomis armored trucks to the Saccoccia Coin Co., an unobtrusive storefront in Cranston, R.I. (pop. 76,000), or to a second location in Los Angeles. Thereafter, most of the money was subdivided, deposited in U.S. banks—ranging from Rhode Island's modest Fleet/Norstar to Bank of America—and then converted into cashier's checks made out to dummy firms. Next the money was moved electronically to foreign banks and eventually to the Colombians. Saccoccia skimmed off up to 10% of the proceeds.

The racket apparently grew with astonishing speed. Saccoccia started as a decent enough kid, collecting coins while in high school in Cranston until he dropped out in 1973 to open his coin shop. By 1980, with the price of gold soaring, the boy wonder enjoyed a statewide reputation. "He was fencing [buying and reselling] all the stolen gold in the area," recalls a local federal agent. "Kids were busting into houses left and right, stealing precious metals and lining up outside his store." By the time he pleaded guilty in 1985 to tax evasion, Saccoccia was reputedly a key moneymaking "associate" for New England's Patriarca Mafia family. After a brief stint in jail, say

investigators, he started his laundering business in 1988.

As government agents dismantle Saccoccia's web, they marvel at his sophistication. "He was a tough micromanager who dictated every piece of the operation and castigated his subordinates regularly for not doing deals fast enough," says Charles Domro, who heads the FBI's narcotics unit in New York. "He is also the first known launderer to serve both the Medellín and the Cali cartels." Among those indicted with Saccoccia is a man he allegedly answered to, a Miami-based trafficker for the Cali group named Duvan ("Uncle") Arboleda, who slipped quietly and safely back to Colombia two months ago.

Saccoccia wasn't as lucky—or as careful. When his cash deposits became suspiciously large, banks tipped off the IRS. Then, in a display of cooperation rarely seen in the financial industry, 10 banks agreed to continue taking the money as federal agents watched. Saccoccia's final mistake may have been his failure, quite literally, to wash the greenbacks before laundering them. In March 1990, Saccoccia and an aide delivered to a bank \$53,000 packaged in 53 bundles. The currency was tested by a cocaine-sniffing German shepherd named Basko, which promptly went "bonkers," says an agent. A day later, another bank received a Saccoccia deposit. Basko went berserk again. And again and again, in bank after bank.

One small bank allegedly used by the launderers, Heritage Loan and Investment Co., utterly refused to help the feds. But that shouldn't surprise Rhode Islanders. Heritage collapsed earlier this year, taking the state's system of 45 privately insured banks and credit unions with it. The bank's fugitive president, Joseph Mollicone Jr., who is accused of embezzling \$13 million, was initially a target of the Polar Cap probe. On the same day last fall that state examiners were inside Heritage reviewing the books, one of Saccoccia's aides turned up at a teller's window with \$52,600 in cash.

Officials predict that the demise of this global ring will reverberate through the drug trade for years to come. The Saccoccias, who are rumored to be returning voluntarily to the U.S. from Switzerland this week to face charges, allegedly commanded as much as 10% of the U.S. drug-money laundering market. "Money is the fuel that feeds the drug lords," says the commissioner of Customs Carol Hallett. "And we just cut off one very big pipeline."



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## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

**B**enjamin Franklin was the very embodiment of the self-made, boot-strappingly ingenious Yankee, a boy with only two years of formal schooling who rose to acclaim as the wise man of America. Born in Boston in 1706, one of 17 children of an immigrant candlemaker, Franklin became a printer's apprentice at 12. By 24 he not only was proprietor of his own shop and his own newspaper, but was putting into type an original eloquence that one day would be an important instrument in forging our nation from a cluster of British colonies. Indeed, Benjamin Franklin's stirring words and stinging wit helped launch the American Revolution—and his skillful diplomacy in France arranged the loans of money, arms and men that helped win it. And that is only part of his legacy. He was a

founding father, too, of the first lending library in the colonies, a hospital, the University of Pennsylvania, the American Philosophical Society and a fire insurance company. His inventive genius devised a stove that bears his name, a remote-control door lock and bifocals. His courageous experiments with electricity led him to the scary adventure of fishing in the clouds amid the thunderclaps for no less a quarry than the energy of lightning bolts—with a kite for bait and nothing but a silken ribbon to insulate himself from their awesome power. For all his many achievements, Franklin was only tantalized to learn more, to do more: "The rapid progress true science now makes," this Amazing American said wistfully in 1780, "occasions my regretting sometimes that I was born too soon."



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## BUSINESS NOTES

### AIRLINES

## Grounded for Good

"We are very sorry to advise you Pan American Airways has suspended operation. All flights are canceled..."

In the end, it was as straightforward as that—a recorded message greeting passengers when they called the Pan American World Airways reservation desk last Wednesday. After 64 years, the aviation pioneer was grounded for good. The airline's five unions had just



Sundown for Pan Am: no longer prepared for takeoff

agreed to \$43 million in concessions, but that was not enough. Pan Am was counting on Delta Airlines for an additional \$25 million. But Delta, which had come up with \$115 million to keep Pan Am flying in recent weeks in exchange for 45% of the company, refused to pay any more. Desperate, Pan Am's lawyers and bankers scrambled fruitlessly for fresh cash, reportedly begging TWA chairman Carl Icahn for a relatively paltry \$15 million in a late-night call. Fat chance: TWA has said it will seek bankruptcy protection early next year.

### ECONOMICS

## Grossed Out

Any way you slice it, the economy is sluggish. But last week the Commerce Department began highlighting the gross domestic product instead of the more fa-

miliar gross national product as its preferred gauge of the economy's health. Both measure the total output of goods and services. But the GNP, in use since 1941, covers production by a country's workers wherever they are in the world. The GDP, which the rest of the industrialized world uses, covers only the

production within a nation's borders. Unfortunately, this statistical lens doesn't improve the current picture. The new figures show the economy grew 1.7% in the most recent quarter, down from a previously reported 2.4%, measured by GNP.

Most economists support the change, although it's not

easy to keep them from yawning. "In many ways, it's much ado about nothing," says David Blitzler, chief economist at Standard & Poor's. "But it's raised consciousness in terms of imports and exports and how we measure and think about them. We should probably do it every other year."



Times readers once wore protective gear

onto the hands and subsequently the face, the clothes, the furniture and the walls of whoever touched it. Enterprising merchants peddled special gloves readers could wear while working their way through the paper.

Last week, the Times announced that it has cleaned up its act. After a year of testing, a new ink has been introduced at the paper's two printing plants. The Times touts it as "reducing ruboff by 60 percent."

The innovative ink was developed for the Times by New Jersey-based Sun Chemical, the world's largest ink company. The move brings the local Times up to the standard of the national edition, already printed with tidier inks. Those few who think smudginess is next to godliness needn't fear, however: according to the Times, about half the dailies in America still use the traditional, rubbable ink.

### RETAILING

## Lease a Tree, Get One Free

Is it better to buy a fake but reusable Christmas tree? Or to buy a real, traditional tree and feel guilty about wasting a natural resource? For city dwellers without a yard, buying one with roots is out of the question. So what's left? Swedish megamerchant IKEA may have the answer. For

the sixth year in a row, the home-furnishing chain is offering its Rent-a-Tree program to American customers. Conceived in Europe during the 1970s and introduced in the company's seven U.S. stores as they opened, it works like this: for \$20—a \$10 deposit and a \$10 rental fee—and a signed lease agreement, a customer can walk out with a fresh 6-to-10-ft. Douglas fir from Pennsylvania. Last year the program was a resounding success: 20,000 trees were

leased. IKEA expects to rent 30,000 this year. As a bonus this year, customers at most stores will get a coupon for a fir sapling they can pick up for planting in the spring. Once the used Christmas trees are returned to the store, they are ground into mulch, which customers can use in their gardens or leave for others. Better hurry, though: the sale started last week, and trees are expected to sell out by this coming weekend.



Picking out a tree to lease in New Jersey

### INNOVATIONS

## Out, Out, Damned Spot!

For years, avid readers of the New York Times took part of their favorite paper with them wherever they went—whether they wanted to or not. The ink that went into "All the News That's Fit to Print" was notorious for its tendency to rub off

# New York Life is large, conservative, and dull. Reassuring in times like these, isn't it?

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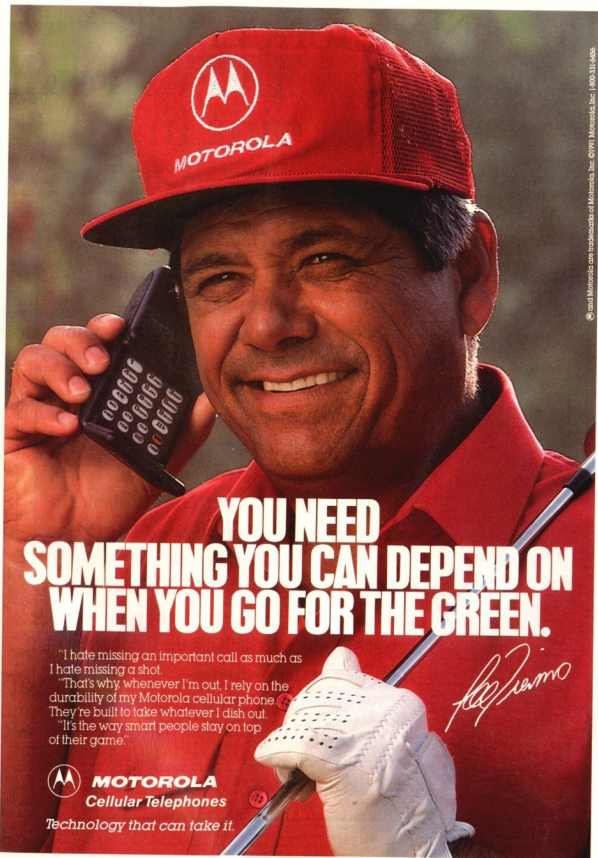
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# People

By ALEXANDER TRESNIOWSKI/Reported by Wendy Cole



BOULEY: MICHAEL OCHS

## Fish Story

Is DAVID BOULEY the prototypical chef of the future? He thinks so. It's true his eponymous restaurant was just named the most popular eatery in New York City by the Zagat Survey, ahead of perennial favorites The Four Seasons and Lutece. It's also true the 38-year-old wundercook is leading the charge to use more organic products in American cuisine. But can a kid from Connecticut thrive in the chef-eat-chef world of fancy French cooking? It can't hurt that he spends \$12,500 a month on chocolates and flowers, has almost as many employees (76) as seats (80) and uses a computer to track what his customers eat and where they sit. "European chefs have thought Americans don't know about food, but people are more aware of what they eat now," says Bouley. "I represent the new voice of American diners."

## Open Book

Patricia Ireland doesn't like labels, but there's one she can't escape: controversial.



FRANCIS: TROTT

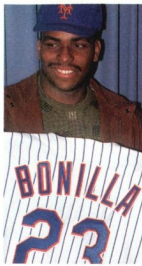
Last week the longtime women's rights activist, who is about to become president of the National Organization for Women, explained that in addition to her husband of 25 years, she has a female companion "who is also very important in my life." But the 46-year-old lawyer refused to call herself a lesbian or bisexual. "I've never hidden how I've lived my life," Ireland told the *Advocate*, the gay-and-lesbian biweekly. "What I don't like is the idea that people try to categorize other people by their sexuality."

## Field of Dollars

Somebody forgot to tell the New York Mets about the recession. Last week the ball club signed slugger Bobby Bonilla to a five-year, \$29 million contract, making him the highest-paid athlete in the history of team sports. Bonilla could turn out to be a bargain at that price if he wins games and draws fans, but to put his windfall into perspective, consider that next year Bonilla will make:

- 2½ times what Babe Ruth earned in 22 years.
- 14 times as much as the Mets manager.
- 27 times the salary of George Bush.
- 42 times as much as the mayor of New York City.
- 200 times as much as the average teacher.

Or look at it this way:



JAMES BEVER FOR TIME

to earn what Bonilla will make next year, Dan Quayle would have to be Vice President until roughly the year 2025. On second thought, don't look at it that way.

## Here Comes The Judd

THE JUDDS are no more. The popular mother-daughter duo, known as much for their 18 No. 1 country-and-western songs as for the fact that it's fun trying to tell them apart, staged an emotional farewell concert in Tennessee last week, a pay-per-view extravaganza that capped a yearlong 118-city farewell tour. Mother Naomi and daughter Wynonna (or is it the other way around?) are ending their professional partnership because of Naomi's battle with chronic hepatitis, but Wynonna will embark on a solo singing career, with occasional help from Mom.



WILLIAMS: CARPENTEL FOR TIME



## Society

A group of young New Yorkers—some of legal drinking age, some not—imbibing in a Manhattan bar: per capita consumption is dropping, but

# Drink Until You Finally Drop

**Chronic alcohol abuse is becoming the entertainment of choice, and the No. 1 health problem, for an alarming number of kids**

By JOHN ELSON

**L**ive, from anywhere, it's Friday night: time for the youth of America to "rage." Time also to get broaded, buzzed, catatonic, messed up, ripped, screwed, trashed, wasted, zoned out. Time, to put it in language older folks can understand, to get totally, hopelessly drunk. Not at bars, of course: everywhere in America you have to be 21 to drink there—legally, that is—and anyway it's not the hip thing to do. These days teenagers buy into keg parties at homes where parents have left town for the weekend, where dangerous chug-a-lug games are played to get booze and beer flowing into their system faster. Or they hang out at impromptu, one-night-only underground clubs that youthful entrepreneurs have set up in abandoned factories or warehouses, with the same goal in mind.

Despite the fact that the nation's per capita alcohol consumption has been on a decline for years, drinking among minors, in the words of Surgeon General Antonia Novello, "is out of control." More specifically, "unsupervised parties where kids drink are out of control. And the percep-

tion among parents that drinking is O.K. is out of control. We're going to lose a whole generation if we don't pay attention."

A study issued by Novello's office last June showed that 8 million of the nation's 20.7 million youths in grades 7 through 12 drink alcoholic beverages every week. Of those kids, 454,000 admit to weekly "binges"—meaning they consume five or more drinks in a single brief sitting. Another study, by the University of Michigan, reports that almost one-third of high school seniors drink to excess at least once every two weeks. And according to a survey prepared for *USA Today*, 46% of student leaders say drinking is their high school's biggest problem, followed by apathy. "Serious drinking is a fact of life," says Phuong Nguyen, senior-class president at Bethesda-Chevy Chase High School in a Washington suburb.

The problem isn't new, nor is the concern to control it. During the 1980s, states that had set 18 as the legal drinking age gradually adopted what is now the national standard: you must be 21 to purchase alcoholic beverages. But there are loopholes in the various regulations. Curiously, the binge-drinking epidemic among teens

comes at a time when drug abuse in this age group has been declining. The University of Michigan survey, taken in 1990, found that only 27% of the seniors had smoked marijuana in the past year, compared with 49% of seniors who took part in a 1980 poll. Andrew McGuire, head of the Trauma Foundation at San Francisco General Hospital, says "alcohol abuse is the No. 1 health problem of young people in America."

More than that, it appears to be the leading cause of death among teenagers. For many of these deaths, predictably, the police verdict is driving while intoxicated. In New York City last month, six youths were killed when the car in which they were riding went out of control while it was speeding late at night on a deserted street in the Bronx. The 18-year-old driver, who had only a learner's permit, had consumed more than twice the amount of alcohol required to qualify as legally drunk. In 1989, according to the National Traffic Safety Administration, 3,539 deaths in the 15-to-20 age group resulted from traffic accidents in which alcohol played a part.

Government officials are only now beginning to focus on what they believe is the



drinking among minors is "out of control"

vastly underreported number of alcohol-related incidents among those in their teens and early 20s: suicide, murder, date rape, family violence. Alcohol abuse was a major factor in 41% of all academic problems and 28% of college dropouts, according to a 1991 study by Virginia's George Mason University and West Chester University of Pennsylvania.

If kids start drinking in their teens, they usually keep on doing it in college, unless some trauma intervenes. The federal Office of Substance Abuse Prevention reports that undergraduates currently spend \$4.2 billion a year on booze—far more than they spend on textbooks. Nearly three-fourths of all college students drink at least once a month, says the Department of Health and Human Services, and 41% of them indulge in heavy drinking—that is, four or five drinks in a row—at least once every two weeks. Many of those students are still underage. Academic officials say booze is almost invariably present when students get into trouble. "Alcohol continues to be the No. 1 drug of choice on campus and everywhere else,"

says Mary Rouse, dean of students at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. "The correlation between sexual assault and drinking, vandalism and drinking, racism and drinking, is predictable. The trouble never starts until drinking begins."

Where it often begins is at home—without adult monitoring. Large unsupervised parties where kids drink to get drunk as fast as possible are regular weekend happenings for many American teenagers. And parents who grew up in the drug culture of the late '60s and early '70s often look the other way. "I know they are drinking in the basement, but I never go down there," admits a mother of Washington teenagers. "If anything happens, my excuse is that I don't know what they are doing."

**W**hat they are doing can be fatal. Last August 15-year-old Brian Ball of Trenton, Texas, died after downing 26 shots of vodka in 90 minutes at an all-you-can-drink party. Guests paid \$3 to attend, but once they were in the door, liquor cost just 50¢ a shot. At many such booze fests, the kids play drinking games like "Three Man Up," to speed up consumption. In this game players roll dice, and every time someone rolls a multiple of three, the player who has been designated the "Three Man" must take a drink. If the Three Man rolls a multiple, his title passes to another player.

If you can't find a house with look-the-other-way parents, there's always an illegal club. In Los Angeles a smart young promoter type will locate a vacant building that can be broken into for a one-night stand, hire a pal with a good sound system to put together dance tracks and serve as deejay, and then hand out flyers urging kids to call a certain number if they want to party at a "major rager." An hour before show time, the

organizer tapes an answering-machine message telling customers the location. Of course the club promoters play it safe. When teenagers drive to the touted locale, someone will be there—with a map showing where the party really is. Cost of the map: \$20. Don't expect refunds if you get lost—cash collectors are changed every 15 minutes, just in case the police show up.

Why are so many kids drinking themselves into a stupor? Boredom, peer pressure, escape from psychological pain and wanting to feel good are the usual answers. Since most of their parents drink, teenagers tend to think of alcohol as a less threatening drug than cocaine or marijuana. Says White House drug czar Bob Martinez: "Adults often send a message to their kids that this is acceptable behavior. With marijuana, cocaine and heroin, there is no mixed message. With alcohol, there is." To David Anderson, a research professor at George Mason University's Center for Health Promotion, teenagers who indulge in binge drinking "delude themselves into thinking they can find their identity with alcohol. These kids are in search of community. And they have a quest for intimacy—who can I be at one with?"

Belatedly, America's elders are beginning to treat teenage drinking with the seriousness it deserves. The White House office coordinating the Administration's drug-control policy has recently broadened its mandate to include alcohol abuse, and is scheduled to give President Bush a strategy for combatting the problem by January. Surgeon General Novello is among those who are trying to eliminate loopholes in states' minimum-age laws that make it easy for minors to buy and drink booze. For example, 35 states allow minors to possess alcohol under certain circumstances—with parental consent, for instance, or in private residences. And 19 states have no laws that would punish

teens for using false IDs to purchase alcohol.

Slowly, the legal picture is changing. Nine states have passed "social host" laws that allow adults to be sued if minors drink in their home no matter whether the adults are aware of the drinking. High schools have added courses on alcoholism, and many colleges feature alcohol-awareness weeks, during which students pledge themselves to abstain from booze. But there is a paradox here that symbolizes the depth of the problem. All too often these instant Lents end with alcohol-fueled "I survived the week" blasts in frat and dorms. The party animal is a tough beast to tame.

—Reported by  
**Ann Blackman/Washington and Dan Cray/Los Angeles, with other bureaus**

## WHAT CAN BE DONE

■ **Talk openly with minors about your own use of alcohol and set a good example.**

"The biggest problem we have is the complacency of parents," says Surgeon General Antonio Novello.

■ **Develop strong alcohol-abuse programs that tell teens how drinking affects the body.**

According to Surgeon General's office surveys, 2.6 million teens do not know that an overdose of alcohol—20 shots of 86-proof alcohol within 90 minutes, for example—can be fatal.

■ **Demand that state legislators close loopholes that make it relatively easy for minors to buy booze.**

Novello strongly favors laws that make householders liable for accidents caused by anyone who drinks in their home.

■ **Enforce 21-minimum-age laws by requiring minors to carry distinctive IDs.**

Good example: in New Jersey, teen driving permits have a profile rather than a full-face photo.

■ **Stop youth-oriented alcohol advertising.**

Says Elaine M. Johnson, director of the Federal Government's Office of Substance Abuse Prevention: "Glamorous and misleading alcohol promotion should be eliminated."

# Can Aspirin Prevent Cancer?

**A new study suggests there may be yet another benefit from the world's most popular medication**

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

Less than a decade ago, aspirin seemed to be losing some of its luster. Marketed since the beginning of the century as a uniquely effective pain and fever fighter, it was suddenly forced to compete with two major rivals—acetaminophen (Tylenol, Anacin-3) and ibuprofen (Advil, Nuprin)—that had many of aspirin's benefits without some of its side effects. Worse, aspirin had been linked to Reye's syndrome, a rare but sometimes deadly condition that can afflict children after a bout of flu or chickenpox. Doctors immediately ceased to recommend it for most youngsters, and liquid Tylenol replaced orange-flavored children's aspirin in the family medicine cabinet.

But the wonder drug has made a wondrous comeback. In recent years it has been shown to be a powerful inhibitor of heart attacks and strokes—a virtue neither acetaminophen nor ibuprofen can match. And last week came preliminary evidence of another major benefit: aspirin reduces the risk of death from colon cancer, a disease that kills 50,000 Americans a year. A major study by the American Cancer Society, reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, found that people who took 16 aspirin tablets or more each month (or equivalent doses of related but lesser known anti-inflammatory drugs) cut their risk of dying from colon cancer as much as 50%. "It is a very strong and consistent finding," says Dr. Michael Thun, lead author of the report.

Still, many questions remain. Since study participants were not randomly assigned to take aspirin, it is possible that those who did were generally more health conscious than average and less likely to develop cancer in the first place. Or perhaps aspirin users had more internal bleeding than the others—a common side effect of aspirin—and therefore had their colon cancers detected early and cured readily. The study did not measure the actual incidence of colon cancer, just deaths resulting from it.

But the age-old pain-killer may very well have direct anticancer properties. Unlike acetaminophen, which acts only on the central nervous system, aspirin (chemical name: acetylsalicylic acid) has an extraordinarily broad range of effects. The reason is that it interferes with the production of a diverse class of substances known as prostaglandins, which are found in nearly every body tissue. (Ibuprofen does too, but in a much more limited way.)

Some prostaglandins promote inflammation, fever and pain by sensitizing nerves to other chemicals released from injured cells. Aspirin's most familiar benefits come from interfering with these noisome processes. However, prostaglandins are also responsible for stimulating the production of the stomach's protective lining

Study, an ambitious trial involving 40,000 women, half of whom will be randomly assigned to take low doses of aspirin every other day for at least five years. Originally designed to see if aspirin can prevent heart disease in women as it does in men, the study will also look at rates of colon cancer, migraines, stroke and gum disease.

Until the results are in, doctors are not recommending that anyone go out and gulp aspirin for good health. The drug can have unpleasant and even dangerous side effects, including ringing in the ears and blurred vision, as well as stomach bleeding. A more serious problem is hemor-

## THE WONDER DRUG

- Reduces fever**  
Interferes with temperature-elevating substances in the hypothalamus
- Quells aches and inflammation**  
Blocks the manufacture of prostaglandins that trigger pain and inflammation
- Prevents heart attacks in men**  
Tests show that regular low doses decrease the risk of heart attack in healthy men by inhibiting clot formation
- Reduces the risk of certain types of strokes**  
By disrupting platelet clumping in the blood, aspirin protects stroke victims from recurrences
- Treats heart attacks**  
When administered immediately following symptoms, aspirin has been shown to reduce mortality among heart attack patients

**POTENTIAL BENEFITS:**

- PREVENTS DEATH FROM COLON CANCER
- Prevents gum disease
- Prevents high blood pressure in pregnant women
- Prevents the recurrence of migraines

TIME Graphics by Steve Hart

of mucus, which explains why too much aspirin can cause gastric distress and bleeding. Aspirin's ability to prevent strokes and heart attacks stems from its disruption of a prostaglandin that promotes blood clotting. As for colon-cancer prevention, it is possible that aspirin inhibits substances that play a role in cell proliferation. At least one such prostaglandin has been identified in lab animals. If aspirin does have this effect, it might prove useful in reducing the risks of other cancers as well.

Aspirin's list of unexpected benefits may not end with cancer. There is at least some evidence that it may be useful in preventing gum disease, gallstones, cataracts, miscarriages and even in treating viral diseases. Researchers in several fields eagerly await the results of the Women's Health

rhagic stroke, caused not by a clot blocking the brain's blood vessels but by vessels that rupture. Moreover, prostaglandins appear to work in opposing pairs. The ones that promote clot formation, for example, are countered by partners that do the opposite. Too much aspirin can therefore cause the very problems that lower doses relieve.

Even if follow-up studies show that aspirin really does protect against cancer, doctors warn that it will never be a substitute for exercise, a low-fat, high-fiber diet or not smoking. Too many heart-disease patients have latched on to aspirin as a panacea and as an excuse to avoid changing lethal habits. The latest findings will probably, alas, tempt others to do the same. —Reported by Andrew Purvis/New York



## Theater

# Bomb over Broadway

**NICK & NORA Music by Charles Strouse; Lyrics by Richard Maltby Jr.  
Book by Arthur Laurents**

By WILLIAM A. HENRY III

When the curtain rises on the only new American musical of this Broadway season, the sole character onstage is a dog. That turns out to be depressingly symbolic. Five years and more in the making, derived from the beloved *Thin Man* movies, shaped by creators whose credits range from *Gypsy* and *West Side Story* through *Applause* and *Annie to Miss Saigon*, cast with three Tony Award winners and designed by two more, *Nick & Nora* should have absolutely everything going for it. But the show that opens on Broadway this week is a crashing bore—cranky and arbitrary as a love story, tedious and pointless as a murder mystery, ham-handed as comedy, clubfooted as dance, at best wanly pleasant as music. A few scenes work, some quite well. The final 10 minutes achieve a truth and simplicity underscoring the barren brittleness of what has gone before. But ultimately the show falls at its most basic task: making audiences care about, or for that matter simply believe in, the characters.

This failure is a pity for everyone involved, and for the American theater. As the cost of Broadway production soars and the number of new shows per season plummets, each arrival becomes precious—especially the handful of big musicals, the Great White Way's economic mainstay and artistic signa-



Bostwick and Gleason: Why are these people smiling?

ture. The producers of *Nick & Nora* blamed Broadway economics for their decision to cancel out-of-town tryouts. Instead the show played a near record nine weeks of in-town previews at full prices, prompting New York City's consumer-protection department to promulgate new rules for theater advertising. During that time, songs were scrapped and replaced, sometimes more than once; dialogue was rewritten; scenes were restaged; and a principal performer was fired.

It turns out to have been the usual shift of deck chairs on the *Titanic*. Writer-

director Arthur Laurents gave his plot not just one hook but two: the murder of a female bookkeeper with a surprisingly glamorous set of associates and the marital troubles of Nick and Nora Charles (Barry Bostwick and Joanna Gleason), the detectives who are on the case. But Laurents seems to have had trouble taking either half of the story seriously. The mystery investigation involves a series of pantomime flashbacks, each sillier-looking than the one before. The title characters are written so carelessly that in the opening scene one cannot be sure whether they are newly wed or suffering from seven-year itch. Their marital discord flares up out of nowhere and ends just as abruptly. The wife's flirtation with an oily gangster fits no visible aspect of her personality. It is also baffling that she seems to find her husband raffish and charming when he is portrayed as an obvious alcoholic. Nora's closest bond seems to be with an old school friend, now a movie star, who induces the couple to take on the murder case. In this role, Christine Baranski, normally an actress of delicacy and insight, stomps about and grinds her jaw like a man in drag.

Laurents was offered plenty of advice about ways to improve the show—from composers Stephen Sondheim and Jerry Herman and playwright Anthony Shaffer, among others, according to sources close to the producers. It was all rejected. So was the testimony of the public, which walked out in droves. At a performance last week, two elderly women in the front row tottered out about 20 minutes before the end. This writer, seated behind, longed to join them. ■

## Milestones

**REAPPOINTED.** Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, 64, conservative German theologian noted for his unyielding stance on issues of sexual morality and his disciplinary actions against liberation theologians as well as others who have diverged from strict orthodoxy; to a third five-year term as head of the Vatican's doctrinal office; by Pope John Paul II.

**RESIGNED.** David Baltimore, 53, Nobel-prizewinning biochemist; from the presidency of Rockefeller University; in New York City. For five years Baltimore vigorously rejected charges by Margot O'Toole, a junior researcher at M.I.T., that the findings in a 1986 scientific paper Baltimore co-wrote were based on falsified research by immunologist Theresa Imanishi-Kari. O'Toole lost her job, but an investigation by the National Insti-

tutes of Health found this year that her charges had been correct. In his letter of resignation, Baltimore wrote that "governing the university under a cloud 'has taken a personal toll on me and my family which I can no longer tolerate.'"

**DIED.** Richard Speck, 49, drifter whose 1966 slaughter of eight student nurses in a Chicago residence horrified the nation; of a heart attack; in the Stateville Correctional Center in Joliet, Ill. Late on a July night, Speck broke into a South Side town house and stabbed and strangled eight of nine roommates. The sole survivor escaped by hiding under a bed. Speck was captured after an emergency-room surgeon, who was treating Speck following a suicide attempt, spotted on his arm a BORN TO RAISE HELL tattoo that the survivor had described.

**DIED.** Bert Combs, 80, former Governor of Kentucky and longtime leading figure in that state's Democratic politics; from injuries sustained in a car accident; in Rosslyn, Ky.

**DIED.** George Stigler, 80, pioneering free-market economist; in Chicago. Since 1958 Stigler and fellow University of Chicago professor Milton Friedman helped to shape the so-called Chicago school of economics, which promotes government deregulation. He won the 1982 Nobel Prize in Economics for his path-breaking research on industrial organization. His work, which was characterized by rigorous scrutiny of data, led to a new understanding of the connection between government regulation and the economy.

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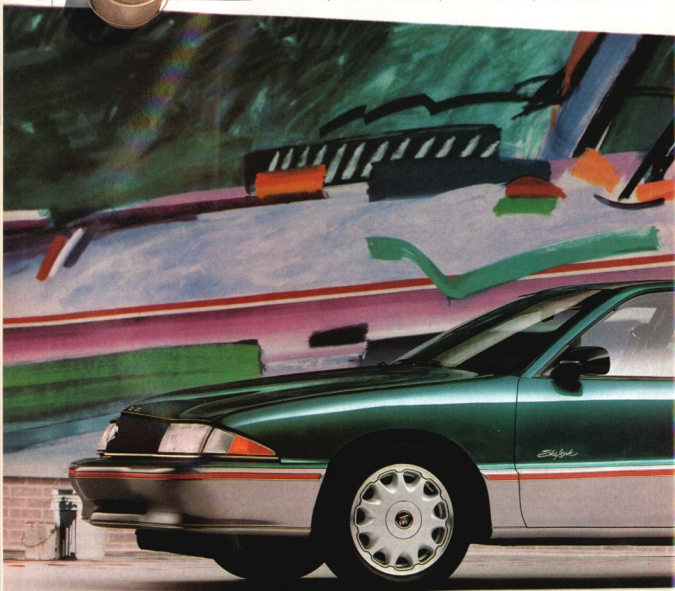
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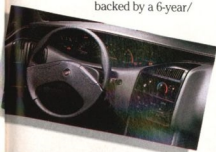
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# A Peter Pan for Yuppies

In his new movie, *Hook*, as in his life, **ROBIN WILLIAMS** shows what happens when the boy who won't grow up turns 40 and is ready for risks

By KURT ANDERSEN

**H**e's ubiquitous: every month or so lately, there's been a new Robin Williams movie. First came a bit part in *Dead Again*, in which he plays a ruined yuppie wretch who advises the movie's hero during the latter's supernatural quest for redemption. Then *The Fisher King*—as a ruined yuppie wretch whose wife's murder propels him and the movie's hero on a supernatural quest for redemption. Now it's *Hook*, in which he plays a wretched yuppie whose children's kidnapping propels him on a supernatural quest for redemption.

In the highly improbable protagonist's role—Peter Pan grown up? Peter Pan, a Type A investment banker?—it is hard to imagine anyone other than Robin Williams. After all, the arc of *Hook*'s Peter Pan—an impish, Dionysian youngster, after a painful struggle with worldly temptation, finds his family to be the source of true happiness—is a pretty fair summary of Robin Williams' life at 40.

During most of the time America was falling in love with Williams—charmed by his TV character Mork, thrilled by his semi-improvisational comedy on cable-TV specials, charmed again by his early movie roles (in *Moscow on the Hudson*, in *Garp*)—his life was pretty much a mess. "I think I had my mid-life crisis at around 27," says Williams, who was 26 when *Mork & Mindy* went on the air. In addition to too much trivial sex, there was too much vodka and bourbon and way too much cocaine. "It was like symbiotic abuse. It was Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Williams. The bloated fish," he calls his early-'80s self. "The Michelin poster child."

He quit both booze (gradually, all by himself) and coke (cold turkey, all by himself), but unlike many of today's celebrity recoveries, Williams has not succumbed to just-say-no zealotry. While he knows cocaine is "a totally selfish drug" and a dead end, he's also unafraid to recall the fun. "It was always around. 'Robin, want to do some blow? Want to do some blow in a back room with some very famous people?' 'Oh, yeah!'"

But sobriety by no means fixed his life. He and his first wife separated when their son Zachary was four, and he eventually took up with Marsha Garces, the woman who had once been Zachary's baby sitter. A *PEOPLE* magazine cover

story, he says, badly distorted the facts ("I had been separated from my wife for a year and a half—my wife was living with another man") and inaccurately cast Garces as a home-wrecking nanny. After almost four years (and marriage to Marsha; and two babies, Zelda, 2, and Cody, two weeks), Williams still gets apoplectic on the subject.

The story came at a high-stress moment. In addition to the marital disarray, his father had just died and his last three movies had bombed. "It was starting to look like"—the voice assumed is a prissy superego—"Uh-oh. Have we made several wrong choices? Have we just batted out at the bottom of the third?" It was a pivotal time.

Because Williams' comic persona is supercharged and allusive, and because he was a sex-and-drugs wild man, people assume that he has always been a hellion. In fact, he was a quiet, dutiful, good son—a not very religious Episcopal acolyte, a student-body president, and in 1969, in Marin County, Calif., a quiet, dutiful, unreluctant teenager. The blowout hedonism of his 20s and 30s was the aberration, because now, at 40, he is quiet, dutiful and good once again.

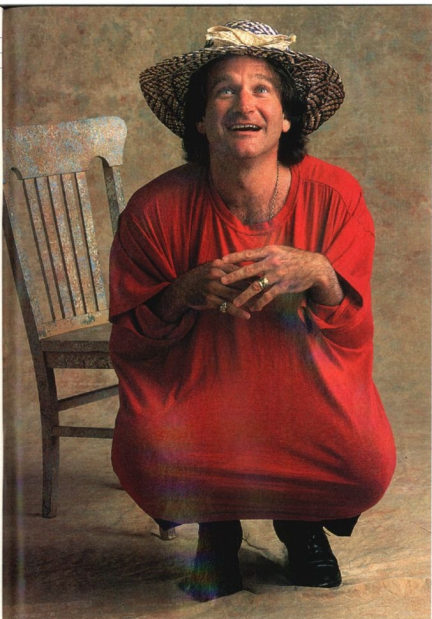
Williams' great charm and his great weakness are, in the words of director Paul Mazursky, a desperate desire to be wonderful. These days the actor is still effervescent, bubbling with notions and takes. During two brief spells in one afternoon, he is, at each moment in context, Nastassja Kinski, a disco sleaze, a fashion model, Mick Jagger, Ronald Reagan, James Brown, George Bush, David Duke, Margaret Thatcher and Harold Pinter's answering machine ("Hi, this is Harold"—a long pause—"Pinter").

Although he still scribbles as many as a dozen comedy premises a week—"Pope from the Deep South," for instance—his only stand-up performances these days are unannounced late-night appearances at big-city comedy clubs. Aside from the intrinsic pleasures of stand-up—making people laugh, being adored by strangers—what Williams misses about it is the sense it used to give him of middle America's mood. "As you go outside the major cities and get into other places, you go 'Oh'"—here his voice turns Southern, smirky, menacing—"maybe things are a little different than they seem, Mister Smart-Ass Liberal." You cross the Manson-Nixon Line and "It ain't that funny, Audi Driver, Mister BMW, Jewish Management."

For all his heartfelt leftism—he performs at a dozen benefits a year, including the annual Comic Relief telethon for the homeless—Williams is not blind to the particular self-satisfactions of Beverly Hills limousine liberals. "There can be an ain't-we-swell smugness about it that can be oppressive." Although he didn't attend the recent Hollywood benefit for Oxfam America, at which 15% of the beautiful people had a posh dinner, 25% ate only rice and beans, and 60% had rice and water, the very thought of it made him giddy: "And then 20% actually get electrodes attached to their testicles and interrogated. And then at the very end, 7% draw straws and get shot. What effect will it have? For two weeks they'll go, 'Hola, Margarita? No hablo se tacos. Thank you.'"

Williams is equally clear-eyed about his own work in films and his earlier tendency toward shtick. His director on *Garp*, George Roy Hill, "basically would say, 'Don't improvise. Try something much simpler.' And that was a good thing." After the great success of *Good Morning, Vietnam* (1987) and *Dead Poets Society* (1989), Williams' Hollywood ascendancy seems inevitable. But before those breakthroughs, Williams was just another mortified, covetous,





**"I think I had my mid-life crisis at around 27... It was Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Williams."**

Williams says Bob Hoskins, who plays Hook's first mate, Smee, gave him a key piece of advice: make Pan ever so slightly insane.

At the end of *Hook*, the Williams character, swearing off both youthful recklessness and play-it-safe overmaturity, declares himself ready for adult adventures. And so does the actor seem to be plunging headlong toward intriguing, invigorating professional risk. Williams reads several scripts a week, and of the half a dozen he is considering, only one, Mazursky's proposed sequel to *Moscow on the Hudson*, seems surefire commercially. Williams' next movie, *Toys*, a surreal comedy about a general who takes over a toy company, is to be directed by Barry Levinson, who directed *Good Morning, Vietnam*. Williams is also talking with director Bill Forsyth about starring in *Becoming Human*, a series of sketches about evolution; and with Oliver Stone about playing assassinated gay politician Harvey Milk in *Mayor of Castro Street*. Some comedies, some full-bore dramas, some possible box-office hits, some certainly not. But Williams doesn't think of himself as a latter-day Woody Allen. He has no autocrat ambitions. "It takes a lot of discipline and vision, and I am too lazy for that. I have never been able to really write." The only thing of which he's professionally certain is his feeling about network TV: never again. "This one [ABC executive] came up one day and said, 'I used to think Jack Carter was funny. Now it's you.'"

So he doesn't obsess about bigger paychecks. He feels he has enough power to get the movie roles he wants. He's no ascetic (there's a 500-acre ranch in Napa and a glorious new house overlooking San Francisco Bay), but the movie-star pampering is minimal: he drives himself everywhere and schlepps his own wardrobe—actually, a bunch of old shirts—to a photo session. He's happy with the way things have worked out but not, he wants you to know, complacent.

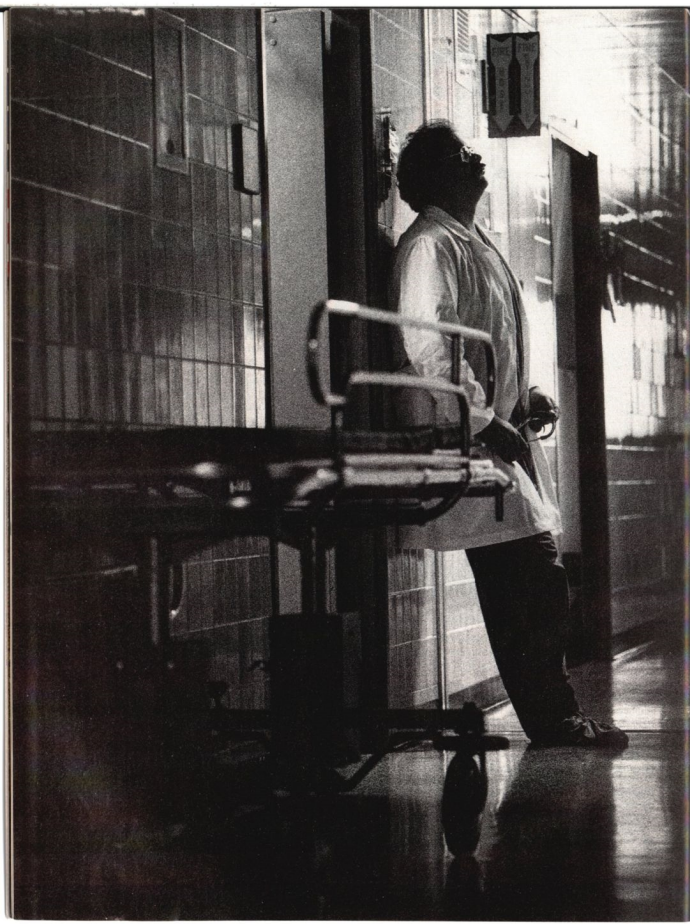
"It isn't a question of doing more work," he says of his goals. "It's more of your own internal critic that goes, 'You could do better than that. Take the higher road, and not the easy route.'" Having thrown off his desperate need to be wonderful, Robin Williams can now start being wonderful. ■

B-list actor. He auditioned for the Charles Grodin role in *Midnight Run*. And he talked to the producers of *Batman* about playing the Joker: "I think I was used for bait to get Nicholson."

But *Good Morning, Vietnam*'s success gave him the confidence and clout to star in the riskier *Dead Poets Society*, and without that film, he says, he wouldn't have been cast in *Awakenings*: bankability and a reputation for range in three easy steps. But it was serendipity, not five-year-plan calculation. "I haven't orchestrated it. It doesn't seem like I have to do one serious, one comedy, one serious, one comedy. I'm more like a child—"That'd be neat!"

And now *Hook*, a very high-stakes, special-effects-laden megapicture. For Williams, who is in nearly every scene, making the movie was a grueling six months on the set. He was obliged to shave his arms and upper body every other day. And the acting wasn't easy, either: in a 40-year-old man, Mary Martin feyness—"Come on, Lost Boys!"—could be awful.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY DURAN FOR TIME



## "Battered women are caught in a cycle of violence. Too often, it accelerates until the ultimate violence."

Dr. Kevin Fullin - Kenosha, Wisconsin

"A third of all women's injuries coming into our emergency rooms are no accident," says this 36-year-old heart specialist from southern Wisconsin. "Most are the result of deliberate, premeditated acts of violence. And frequently they occur over and over until the woman is killed.

"Family violence is one of America's most critical health issues," continues Dr. Fullin. "Yet society repeatedly sweeps it under the rug. There's a tendency to rationalize this as 'a personal problem they should settle themselves.' And tragically, the victim returns home to be beaten again."

But Dr. Fullin was not about to sweep this issue under his carpet. Working closely with fellow doctors and administrators, he championed the state's first Domestic Violence Advocate Program in his hospital.

The American Medical Association (AMA) applauds Dr. Fullin's

initiative in this bold new community program. And his colleagues in the AMA share his concern about family violence in America. It is fully in keeping with the AMA Principles Of Medical Ethics first set forth 144 years ago.

Today, over a quarter million AMA physicians are dedicated to providing medical care with compassion and respect for human dignity.

As Dr. Fullin puts it, "I want to be more than just a good cardiologist. I want to be involved in my community, too. And this has been very gratifying."

If you would like to learn more about the AMA's programs concerning family violence in America, write Dr. Jim Todd, Dept. 205, American Medical Association, 515 North State Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610 and we will send you our latest booklet, Five Issues in American Health.

### American Medical Association

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## Spoiled Brainchild

**HOOK** Directed by Steven Spielberg  
Screenplay by Jim V. Hart and Malia Scotch Marmo

By RICHARD SCHICKEL

**A** Peter Pan who works days as a mergers and acquisitions lawyer? Whose cellular phone is practically grafted to his ear? Who is—pause here for J.M. Barrie to shift in his grave—afraid of flying?

Welcome to '90s revisionism run riot. And, assuming such a well-loved tale actually needs to be made more relevant for today's audience, a not unpromising conceit.

down near a familiar open window, through which they can be conveniently abducted by Captain Hook (Dustin Hoffman). In due course Banning will be conducted through the same window by his old friend Tinkerbelle (Julia Roberts). His mission is to rescue his kids, but that gives him the chance to prove he's really a caring male (a Bly, if not entirely blithe, spirit) and to rediscover his true, spritely identity.

Whew. No wonder the guy has trouble

about them. The sets are spectacular, but their scale and luxe become oppressive. And they impose a peculiar burden on the director. He has a terrific way with action sequences, a genius for inventive detail that reads clearly even at his preferred pace, which is warp speed. But even he has to strain to fill these spaces; and his resort to a food fight, symbolizing Peter's rebounding with his old pals, the Lost Boys, is dismal and realized without conviction.

Since so many of Spielberg's movies have dealt with abandoned or abducted children (*Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, *Empire of the Sun*, just to name the top of the line), no one can doubt the director's emotional attachment to his material. It's just that he has cho-



All aboard: Roberts as tiny Tinkerbelle; Hoffman as the heavy, Hook; Williams as the embattled Pan



Robin Williams is a Peter Unprincipled, grounded in all the latest guilts and anxieties. He has a new surname (Banning) and a wife and two kids he neglects, owing to the press of the greed business. He is also afflicted by a convenient case of amnesia. He knows he's an orphan, but he can't remember anything that happened before "Gran Wendy" (Maggie Smith) arranged for his adoption by an American couple. Namely, he can't remember that he passed his preadolescent years wearing a little green tunic and a silly hat.

Unfortunately, it requires a great whirling and clanking of plot machinery to make us believe this Peter is the One True Peter. The sounds of still more noisy manufacturing accompany the creation of a father-offspring conflict and the maneuvering of the Banning clan back to Gran's house. There, the children are bedded

getting off the ground. He's carrying too much baggage. And so is Steven Spielberg's movie, which starts out deceptively, that is, wonderfully, with a school production of the original *Peter Pan*—cardboard scenery and sweetly earnest little players, faces scrunched by the effort of remembering their lines. This is the director at his formidable best, tenderly evoking the spirit of childhood.

A wild surmise leaps up: maybe *Hook* is going to be a true work of the imagination, something quick and wildly improvising, like a child's account of a made-up adventure. But the real function of this sequence is to provide a humble contrast to the excesses that follow, rendering the well-publicized gazillions that have been lavished on *Hook* all the more impressive.

The special effects—they mostly involve flying—have a nice, tossed-off air

sen the wrong way to demonstrate it. In effect, he has spoiled his brainchild rotten. *Hook* is not bratty, which might at least have been fun. It's stuffy, like one of those overdressed rich kids, standing forlorn in the corner at a party, afraid of ripping his clothes.

John Williams' score, all thunder, lightning and self-importance, reinforces the film's charmlessness, and Hoffman's *Hook* emblemizes it. He's broody and self-absorbed, utterly gleeful in his villainy. But then even Robin Williams, that freest of comic spirits, never has a truly antic moment. Roberts, as Tinkerbelle, is luckier than her co-stars. Her character has no obligation to try to fill the already overstuffed screen. Couldn't possibly do it anyway, since she's only a wee little fairy, a couple of inches tall. But Roberts is ingenious, unaffected and what *Hook* is only some of the time—light on her wings.





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Living

# Hey, Let's Do A Few Lines!

**Sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll are taking a backseat to poetry among the hip set**

By JANICE C. SIMPSON

*To have great poets, there must be great audiences, too.*

—Walt Whitman

No stranger to the bar scene of his own era, the Bard of Brooklyn would love the crowd at Chicago's Green Mill Lounge. Every Sunday night it's standing room only in this gritty neighborhood tavern. The audience is there for the weekly "slam," a literary version of *The Gong Show* at which amateur poets compete for small cash prizes and the much richer reward of having their work heard by an enthusiastic public. The poetic abilities of many contestants may be open to debate, but the audience is always in top form. On a typical evening a rambling poem about using nuclear



Lisa Bescanni gives an animated performance at the Green Mill Tavern in Chicago

weapons to blow up political banquets brings raucous cheers. A watery ode to existentialism ("Nothing that is worth having actually is...") draws equally good-natured jeers.

Suddenly, poetry is popular again with the hip crowd, for the first time since the Beat Generation of the '50s and early '60s.

During the past five years, a new generation of defiantly populist poets has moved verse out of the hothouse environment of college and university writing programs and into bars, coffeehouses and even Laundromats and subway trains. "The only way for poetry to survive is to get out and get poetry into people's lives," declares Bob Holman, who

The gift that'll make everyone smile.



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organizes readings at the hip Nuyorican Poets Cafe on New York City's Lower East Side.

The poetic populists claim that their efforts are providing fresh blood for an increasingly anemic area of American culture. The transfusion is substantial: the *New York City Poetry Calendar* currently lists an average of 15 gatherings each night. In Los Angeles the Poetry Hotline gives updates on readings; meanwhile, celebrities like Joe Spano, who played sensitive Sergeant Henry Goldblume on *Hill Street Blues*, render their favorite poems in trendy spots like the Chateau Marmont. "Poetry deserves to be heard," he says.

Readings have caught on with a young and racially diverse set that sees poetry clubs as an attractive way to meet people now that the disco scene is passé. "Before, the scene was centered around doing coke or pot in your house with your friends or going out to a bar and drinking," says Lycia Naff, a twentysomething actress in Los Angeles. "All those same people are now in the coffeehouses." Poetry gatherings are also a relatively cheap night out. Says Loyola University student Anne Grason, at the Green Mill: "Where else can you have this much fun for \$4?"

Some observers credit rap music for the renewed interest in the spoken word. "Ears are being tuned up to listen to words again," says Manhattan's Holman. Events

like slams are aimed to appeal to a generation accustomed to the frenetic action of MTV. Contestants at Chicago's Green Mill are encouraged to perform their poems to live music, creating a new blend of poetry and song that has been nicknamed—what else—pong. In New York City the deejay at the Nuyorican Poets Cafe plays James Brown records and other dance music during breaks between slam competition rounds. "It's great to see writing so alive, and the dancing is great too," says Danine Richards, 25, a writer from Brooklyn.

At the Electronic Cafe International in Santa Monica, Calif., the emphasis is on a mix of video and poetry called Telepoetics. At one recent event a poet in Santa Fe read a work about childbirth over telephone wires that fed into the café public address system. While her disembodied voice filled the room, images of her performance in New Mexico were projected onto three TV screens.

Open-mike readings, at which anyone can get up and perform, are another popular audience booster in the clubs. Social issues, sexual and racial politics, and the gen-

eral crassness of American culture are popular topics. "In the Persian Gulf bodies rained./ Arab jets all worked in vain./ The modern world is at the flood," declaims Joe Roarty at Chicago's Cafe Voltaire. Earnestness and energy also count for a

lot. Donna Wozinsky, 36, a spunky special-education teacher from Queens whose verse tends toward the excruciatingly personal ("I, the sperm bank of your soul...") attends at least three open-mike readings or slams per week. Says she: "I don't mind being judged because I know the audiences like me."

There is, of course, the risk that the outburst of versifying will merely inundate the country with bad poetry that plays better onstage than on the page. But optimists argue that any interest will inevitably translate

into greater respect for the truly gifted. "People prize the spoken word," says S.X. Rosenstock, vice president of Poetry Society of America, West. "Whether it's Beat poetry or Dante, they want to hear it. Speaking any poem is a statement of your freedom."

—With reporting by Deborah Edler Brown/Los Angeles and Nina Burleigh/Chicago



Actor Spano recites in L.A.



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# Off on a Cashmere Cloud

**Before he was a pop star Nat King Cole was a jazz artist, and a big new boxed set shows how good he really was**

By JAY COCKS

Even though this is a state occasion, let us, for the present, forswear all the obligatory cries of acclamation. None of this "the king lives!" stuff. And no "once and future king" either. They may be true, but they sound a little stiff somehow, something his music never was. So—taking a cue from the music itself—let's just salute the memory of Nat King Cole with one bright "flash!", a loud "bam!" and a reverent but resounding "alakazam!"

You may recognize that little refrain from a 1950 killer hit of Cole's called *Orange Colored Sky*. If not, it isn't too late to catch up and catch on. In fact, now is just the time. Cole is more emphatically present now than at any time since his death in 1965. His daughter Natalie reprised his *Unforgettable* earlier this year, laid in her dad's voice for a posthumous duet and grabbed herself a No. 1 album. A new Cole biography was published this spring. Every time PBS has a time slot to fill or needs to kick off a fund raiser, it seems to air a show from Cole's '50s TV variety series.

And most important (flash! bam!), the intrepid Mosaic Records has just released *The Complete Capitol Recordings of The Nat King Cole Trio*: 18 CDs or 27 LPs, with a total of 349 cuts and about 17 hours of music. Great American music comes in lots of styles, but whatever the sound, it doesn't get much greater than this. Any one of the tunes in this collection can swing you off on a cashmere cloud.

Yes, Cole was that good. He could sing up there with Sinatra, Billy Eckstine, Tony Bennett; "one of our four or five most awe-inspiring and most popular mainstream vocalists" is the way Will Friedwald sums it up in his kinetic and knowledgeable essays accompanying the set. Along with that considerable distinction, Cole was also a superb keyboard man, mightily influenced by the great Earl Hines and able to hold his own against—if not precisely surpass—his mentor and the likes of Art Tatum. When he became a pop superstar, he gradually shed the bass and guitar that had been the foundation of his trio sound. But he never lost his jazz roots.

Well, almost never. Hit tunes from late



**Cole's early career was built on the driving, airy invention of his trio, with himself at the keyboard, but by the time daughter Natalie was 7, he had shed his sidemen and taken center stage as a mainstream singer**

in his career like *Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days of Summer* and *Ramblin' Rose* stretched his credentials pretty thin and are nowhere to be found on Mosaic. Neither are such excellent songs as *Mona Lisa*, a 1950 smash that was also the first Cole side to have no trio inflection whatsoever. The Mosaic set is for jazz fans, not nostalgists, and at \$270 it is not an impulse purchase. (It is available only by mail or phone order from Mosaic: 203-327-7111.)

Producer Michael Cuscuna tried to include only tunes "where Nat is on piano, the trio style is evident and hopefully there is some jazz content." Even such a flexible standard becomes a little restrictive by the early '50s, when Cole turned more and more toward often wonderfully arranged orchestrations by Nelson Riddle, Billy May,

Pete Rugolo and others. One of the Mosaic set's standout cuts is Cole's benchmark version, arranged by Rugolo, of Billy Strayhorn's great ballad of fantasy, loneliness and longing, *Lush Life*. There is also *Nature Boy*—no getting away from that—and such toothsome novelties as four duets with Johnny Mercer, including the memorably titled *Save the Bones for Henry Jones* ("Cause Henry Don't Eat No Meat").

Mercer, a cool-hand songwriter as well as a canny businessman, had first seen Cole playing a date at a Los Angeles steak joint in the late '30s and almost a half-decade later, signed him up for his fledgling Capitol Records. Cole was, even then, a sure jazz spirit and a first-rate singer. Born Nathaniel Adams Coles in Montgomery, Ala., in 1919, he had moved with his clergyman father and family to Chicago in 1923 and started to play professionally while he was still a teenager. Guitarist Oscar Moore and bass player Wesley Prince joined him in 1937—a club owner had suggested to Cole that he form a trio—and "for seven years," as the front man himself later remembered, "we knocked ourselves out." Cole had begun to sing, he later recalled, "to break the monotony," and by the time they joined Mercer's new label the trio had gone about as far in jazz and show biz as a black outfit could in those days.

It was the driving, airy invention of the trio sound, first defined by such pre-Capitol hits as *Sweet Lorraine*, that staked their reputation. But it was Cole's singing that made them a stellar attraction. "The vocals," Cole said simply, "caught on." There were several shifts in trio personnel over the years (Irving Ashby, for example, took over the guitar when Moore departed in 1947), and the group became a quartet in 1949 with the addition of drummer Joe Costanzo. But through it all, Cole was the guiding spirit and main draw.

This helped him get his TV show in 1956—he was the first major black entertainer to have a regular network program—but didn't do a whole lot for him in the jazz community, which had been buffeted by bop and the restless experimentation of Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk and John Coltrane. Cole began to look like a silken technician who'd sold his soul. One of the best things about this Mosaic set is that it helps to correct that impression and shows Cole for the artist he was. He wasn't corrupted by the mainstream. He used jazz to enrich and renew it, and left behind a lasting legacy. Very like a king. ■



## Television

# At the Top of Their Game

PLAY BY PLAY: A History of Sports Television; HBO

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

Sportscasters are an odd breed. They try to impress us with their expertise and calm authority, yet they are remembered best for the moments when they totally lose it. Some of those moments are famous, like the time Al Michaels hit the roof as the U.S. hockey team beat the Soviet Union at the 1980 Winter Olympics ("Do you believe in miracles?!"). In fact, every ecstatic "holy cow!" and "oh my!" is a reminder of the sheer childlike emotion

that sports at its best can evoke.

That emotion is what makes *Play by Play: A History of Sports Television*, a two-part HBO special, the most exhilarating documentary of the year. The old clips are irresistible and surprisingly fresh. In the very first sports telecast, a 1939 college baseball game between Columbia and Princeton, viewers couldn't even see the ball. Later came technical advances like the portable camera and the instant replay, and visionaries like ABC's



Nadia's star turn

Roone Arledge, who discovered that the thrill of victory could be the stuff of great drama. The program is packed with memorable highlights (Hank Aaron's 715th homer; Nadia Comaneci's perfect 10 at the 1976 Olympics), but it doesn't ignore the lowlights, from the rise of trash sports to NBC's nutty 1980 experiment with an announcerless football game.

Announcers, of course, were always the key. *Play by Play*, a rare multinet network collaboration, brings together an all-star team of hosts (Jim McKay, Pat Summerall, Bob Costas, Curt Gowdy, Brent Musburger and Jim Lampley) and a Hall of Fame lineup of booth pioneers (Red Barber, Mel Allen, Lindsey Nelson) in clips and interviews. These men are full of anecdotes, good humor and the reverent glow of people who have witnessed incredible events. They seem like the happiest guys on earth. ■

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**A CBS HOLIDAY SPECIAL!**

## A Wish for Wings That Work

An Opus Christmas Story  
by Berkeley Breathed

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## *My Rock Of Gibraltar.*



He looked like a young George Burns. That's what all the girls used to say. He actually used to call me Gracie. When he was shipped overseas he wrote twice a week. He sent letters from Germany and Paris, and once he even sent one from the front lines. I think he's written more meaningful words on paper with that Cross pen than he's ever

said to me in person. He still uses the same

pen, and  
longer than he will.

always jokes that it will last

a new Cross ball-point pen, I want to save  
one for myself. It reminds me of the time when I received  
a bunch of letters addressed to a girl he called Gracie.

But I bought him  
the old

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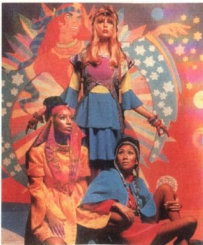
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# O Come All Ye Faithful Readers

From fossils to cuff links, Kuwait to Hollywood, Mickey Mouse to Michelangelo, here is something for everyone



**THE PRADO** by Santiago Alcolea Blanch (Abrams; \$95) No wonder connoisseurs call it the museum lover's museum. The Madrid structure has works by virtually every consequential artist, from the medieval masters to the Italian, Flemish and Dutch schools to Spain's most prominent painter, Picasso, whose monumental *Guernica* has come home after nearly 50 years of exile.



## APPEARANCES

by Martin Harrison (Rizzoli; \$65) Style is substance, and fashion follows form in this collection of strikingly seductive fashion photographs since 1945. From Richard Avedon's dramatic compositions to Irving Penn's crisp images to Deborah Turbeville's diaphanous fantasies, these images reflect the vision of the photographer far more than the fashions they are designed to sell.



**THE LAST WILDERNESS** by the Canadian Nature Federation and Freeman Patterson (Rizzoli; \$50) One hundred and forty photographs equal one editorial. It argues eloquently for the preservation of Canada's vast but endangered forests, locales where fish school in crystalline water and polar bears wander over surfaces as yet unmarked by the snowmobile.



## ISLAMIC ART AND PATRONAGE

edited by Esin Atil (Rizzoli; \$65) More than 100 of Kuwait's artistic treasures are on view in this extraordinary exhibit without walls. It demonstrates anew that war is not the Middle East's only legacy. The region remains a primary font of religious and aesthetic genius.

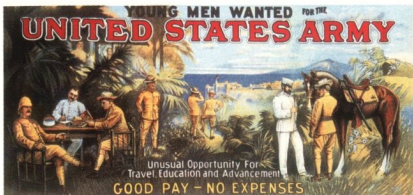


**BEDS** by Diane Von Furstenberg and Stewart O'Shields (Bantam; \$35) The bed has always been the still point of a turning life. From the plush regal litter of the empress Joséphine to the spartan mattress of the painter Francesco Clemente to the author's own seductive boudoir, the beds depicted in this dreamy book are not simply places to sleep but shrines to art, imagination and fantasy.



## GEMS OF COSTUME

**JEWELRY** by Gabriele Greindl (Abbeville; \$65) Rhinestone, long a synonym for the meretricious, has its reputation restored in a glamorous collection of brooches, necklaces, tiaras, shoe buckles, bracelets and earrings. Then again, even Styrofoam would glitter on such icons as Marlene Dietrich, Bette Davis, Marilyn Monroe and Audrey Hepburn.



## THE AMERICAN BILLBOARD 100 YEARS

by James Fraser (Abrams; \$49.50) The billboard seems just the right size for the American landscape, while its boldness seems the perfect mirror for the American sensibility. From the sentimental images that sold soap in the 1920s through the stark, wordless Nike billboards of today, this book traces the evolution of a quintessential form of American advertising.



## ACTING HOLLYWOOD

**STYLE** by Foster Hirsch (Abrams; \$60) In dazzling photographs and sprightly prose, *Acting Hollywood Style* probes how and why movie stars move us. The author dissects Hollywood acting through discussions of body language, voice and the landscape of the face—how we read emotions into the luminous but blank gaze of Greta Garbo.



## THE SPLENDOR OF FRANCE

by Laure Maurat and Roberto Schezen (Rizzoli; \$110) Some 40 very private residences are opened to voyeurs of exquisite architecture, interiors, private wineries and landscaped gardens. Fully restored after centuries of war and revolution, these châteaux prove that when the French say a man's home is his castle, they mean it literally.



## ARTS & CRAFTS STYLE

by Isabelle Anscombe (Rizzoli; \$50) In the 1870s an influential movement, based on the medieval craft guilds, managed to overthrow the "gigantic weariness" of Victorian design. Philosophers and artisans worked together, raising tables and chairs, textiles, kitchenware—even fireplace ornaments—to the realm of art. Their achievements still glow in this profuse and discerning history.

## FOSSILS

by Niles Eldredge and Murray Alcosser (Abrams; \$60) Ancient bones are the first stop-motion pictures of evolution—life frozen in its



tracks eons and epochs ago. Astonishing photographs examine the evidence of prehistoric dragonflies, early fish, flying reptiles, horned dinosaurs and human ancestors. A lively text explains the close-ups from nature's family album.

## TICKET TO PARADISE

by John Margolies and Emily Gwathmey (Bulfinch; \$29.95) Every American town had its Rosy, its Bijou, its Majestic. The great movie theaters built between the '20s and the '50s were cathedrals of popular culture. This book provides a sentimental journey to these palaces, evoking a time when life seemed like a Saturday matinee.







## THE SISTINE CHAPEL

by Frederick Hart, Fabrizio Mancinelli and Gianluigi Colalucci (Knopf; two volumes; \$1,000) Michelangelo's mission was to reveal the beauty of God's creation; these books reveal the beauty of Michelangelo's creation. Scholars once spoke of the artist's "sober coloring." These sumptuous volumes, depicting the chapel's restoration, reveal just how wrong they were.



## THE ATLANTIC SALMON FLY

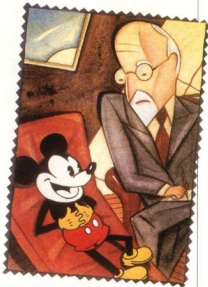
by Judith Dunham and John Clayton (Chronicle Books; \$39.95) Forget the fish, the flies that attract them are so exquisite it seems a sin to get them wet. With such tantalizing names as Silver Monkey, Colonel's Lady, Pompadour and Easy Off, the flies in this beautifully photographed book are the real trophies that should be mounted on the wall.



**THE CELTS** edited by Sabatino Moscati, Otto Hermann Frey, Venceslas Kruta, Barry Rafferty and Miklos Szabo (Rizzoli; \$85) To the people of ancient Greece and Rome, the Celtic world B.C. was narrow and barbaric. Actually it reached from the British Isles to Asia Minor and had a highly developed civilization—as shown by finely wrought objects in bronze, silver and glass.

## CUFF LINKS

by Susan Jonas and Marilyn Nissenson (Abrams; \$35) Since the 18th century, cuff links have been the way for a man to wear his art on his sleeve. They bring a touch of elegance to the male uniform of tuxedo or business suit. This richly illustrated book, which features cuff links ranging from the sporty—fishing flies under crystal—to the fanciful—a pair of gold nuts and bolts—will make every man yearn for French cuffs.



## THE ART OF MICKEY MOUSE

edited by Craig Voe and Janet Morra-Yoe (Hyperion; \$35) Andy Warhol draws and quarters him on silk screen. Bob Buccella places Mickey's hat on Van Gogh—minus one ear. Keith Haring and many other artists similarly deconstruct their subject, but Disney's founding rodent keeps smiling, confident that he will outlast them all.

## A DAY IN THE LIFE OF IRELAND

(Collins; \$45) On May 17, 1991, 75 photojournalists fanned out over the Emerald Isle for a period of 24 hours. The resulting contrasts are lyric enough for poetry (brides and nuns, musicians and farmers) or too bitter for words (glowering British soldiers in Belfast, homeless Dubliners sheltering in an abandoned car).

—By Stefan Kanfer and Richard Stengel



## Essay

Barbara Ehrenreich

# Welfare: A White Secret

Come on, my fellow white folks, we have something to confess. No, nothing to do with age spots or those indoor-tanning creams we use to get us through the winter without looking like the final stages of TB. Nor am I talking about the fact that we all go home and practice funky dance moves behind drawn shades. Out with it, friends, the biggest secret known to whites since the invention of powdered rouge: welfare is a white program. Yep. At least it's no more black than Vanilla Ice is a fair rendition of classic urban rap.

The numbers go like this: 61% of the population receiving welfare, listed as "means-tested cash assistance" by the Census Bureau, is identified as white, while only 33% is identified as black. These numbers notwithstanding, the Republican version of "political correctness" has given us "welfare cheat" as a new term for African American since the early days of Ronald Reagan. Yet if the Lakers were 61% white and on a winning streak, would be calling them a "black team"?

Wait a minute, I can hear my neighbors say, we're not as slow at math as the Asian American like to think. There's still a glaring disproportion there. African Americans are only 12% of the population as a whole, at least according to the census count, yet they're 33% of the welfare population—surely evidence of a shocking addiction to the dole.

But we're forgetting something. Welfare is a program for poor people, very poor people. African Americans are three times as likely as whites to fall below the poverty level and hence to have a chance of qualifying for welfare benefits. If we look at the kind of persons most likely to be eligible—single mothers living in poverty with children under 18 to support—we find little difference in welfare participation by race: 74.6% of African Americans in such dire straits are on welfare, compared with 64.5% of the poor white single moms.

That's still a difference, but not enough to imply some congenital appetite for a free lunch on the part of the African-derived. In fact, two explanations readily suggest themselves: First, just as blacks are disproportionately likely to be poor,

they are disproportionately likely to find themselves among the poorest of the poor, where welfare eligibility arises. Second, the black poor are more likely than their white counterparts to live in cities, and hence to have a chance of making their way to the welfare office. Correct for those two differences, and you won't find an excess of African Americans fitting the stereotype of the sluttish welfare queen who breeds for profit.

So why are they so poor? I can see my neighbor asking as visions of feckless idlers dance before his narrowed eyes. Ah, that is a question white folks would do well to ponder. Consider, for a start, that African Americans are more likely to be disabled (illness being a famous consequence of poverty) or unemployed (in the sense of actively seeking work) and far less likely to earn wages that would lift them out of the welfare-eligibility range.

As for the high proportion of black families headed by single women (44%, compared with 13% for whites): many deep sociohistoric reasons could be adduced, but none of them is welfare. A number of respected studies refute the Reagan-era myth that a few hundred a month in welfare payments is a sufficient incentive to chuck one's husband or get pregnant while in high school. If it were, states with relatively high welfare payments—say, about \$500 a month per family—would have higher rates of out-of-wedlock births than states like Louisiana and Mississippi, which expect a welfare family to get by on \$200 a month or less. But this is not the case.

So our confession stands: white folks have been gobbling up the welfare budget while blaming someone else. But it's worse than that. If we look at Social Security, which is another form of welfare, although it is often mistaken for an individual insurance program, then whites are the ones who are crowding the trough. We receive almost twice as much per capita, for an aggregate advantage to our race of \$10 billion a year—much more than the \$3.9 billion advantage African Americans gain from their disproportionate share of welfare. One sad reason: whites live an average of six years longer than African Americans, meaning that young black workers help subsidize a huge and growing "overclass" of white retirees. I do not see our confession bringing much relief. There's a reason for resentment, though it has more to do with class than with race. White people are poor too, and in numbers far exceeding any of our more generously pigmented social groups. And poverty as defined by the government is a vast underestimation of the economic terror that persists at incomes—such as \$20,000 or even \$40,000 and above—that we like to think of as middle class.

The problem is not that welfare is too generous to blacks but that social welfare in general is too stingy to all concerned. Naturally, whites in the swelling "near poor" category resent the notion of whole races supposedly frolicking at their expense. Whites, near poor and middle class, need help too—as do the many African Americans, Hispanics and "others" who do not qualify for aid but need it nonetheless.

So we white folks have a choice. We can keep pretending that welfare is a black program and a scheme for transferring our earnings to the pockets of shiftless, dark-skinned people. Or we can clear our throats, blush prettily and admit that we are hurting too—for cash assistance when we're down and out, for health insurance, for college aid and all the rest.

Racial scapegoating has its charms, I will admit: the surge of righteous anger, even the fun—for those inclined—of wearing sheets and burning crosses. But there are better, nobler sources of white pride, it seems to me. Remember, whatever they say about our music or our taste in clothes, only we can truly, deeply blush.

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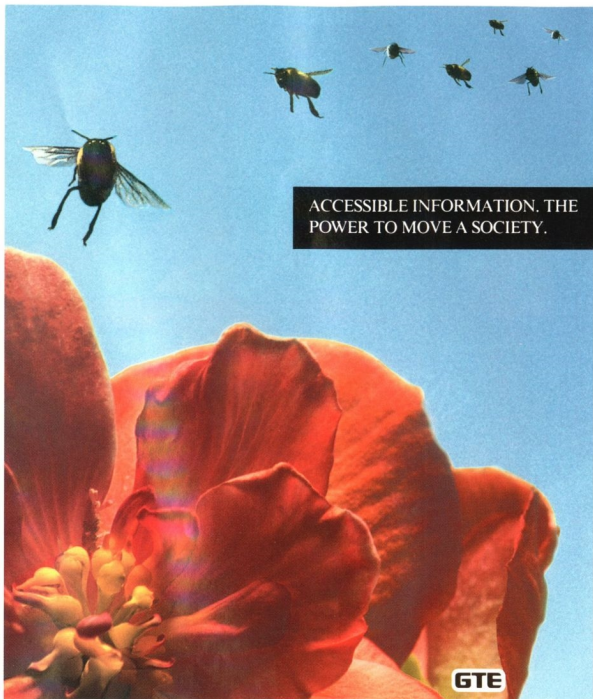
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